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Selections.

The Life of Webster.

A SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, IN BOSTON,

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER,

On Sunday Morning, October 31, 1852.

[Reported for The Boston Commonwealth.]

WHEN Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was, indeed, the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse, and she died neglected, far from kith and kin But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, the Father of the Church, the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy for him to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten their faces with their own tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion, that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child to her bosom, to still its grief. To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position: its delicacy, too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore; conspicuous not by accident, but by the nature of his mind: one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of a great man, in a great office: of a great power, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low! He seems so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to it. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear. There are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts: great station and opportunities: I cannot censure a man for trivial wrongs. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous either in praise or blame. Only the truth is beautiful in speech, and it is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love: I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time *beyond* even my usual wont—for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed. If I tax your time the more, I will tire your patience the less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no Daniel Webster left to die, and nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech, that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will take care that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world—the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God; far transcending earth and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is a little lower than the angels, and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age, So should we value, love and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now—scarce one. There have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in great men—her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for a year been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great men appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found everything else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa, and a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. These two are the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologians—but of great men Christendom has not many. From politics great men recede; and in all Europe, no kingly intellect throbs now beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall not great.

Yet we love to honour great men. Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when for the first time in adult years you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you were confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of thought, justice, philanthropy, of religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up? It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth, like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over: down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New England ship-master wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors, and made their chief; their captive became king; and after years of rule, he managed to escape. Then he once more visited his former realm. He found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god, greater than their fancied deities. He had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a god. So loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy!—we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us—to break the rock that lies in our way to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country working against time with stints to do, long for the passing-by of some great brother, who, in a few minutes, shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us at our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognise the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or in Dante; and if a great man were to come, as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say to him? It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first—greatness of the highest kind. Bulk, anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler more than Franklin. Herod and Pilate were popular in their day—men of property and standing. They got nominations and honour enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination—got a cross between two thieves—was crowned with thorns—and when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord. Any man can measure a walking stick—so many hands wide, and so many nails besides—but it takes a mountain intellect to measure the Andes and the Altai.

But now and then God creates a great, mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into other ages. Such a man, if he is of the greatest, will by-and-bye unite in himself the four great forces of society—business, politics, literature, and the church; himself a greater force than all of these, will sway them every one; but just as he is greater than other men in the highest mood of greatness, will he be opposed and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his lights sooner than before.

Human nature loves to honour great men, and often honours many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honour the really great men! Moses, Zorcaster, Socrates. Jesus the loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived—men whose life leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, wherover neither Dives nor Abraham, not yet Moses himself can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne with his lesson for to-day, which is also no lesson.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas, absolute truth and absolute right, as the norm of conduct. With most men the affections are before the intellect and the conscience, and the affections want a person. A great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad, and by the affections, men accept the great intellect, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got. But as the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honour him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason, justice and religion.

Intellect attaches us to an idea of truth and beauty, conscience to a principle of right, affection to a man. They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons, least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, rush into her bosomy heart. But when a great mind comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will—the good great man, the bad great man—for as each particle of matter has an attractive force which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind and each great man has an attractive force which attracts all other mind.

But, as we somewhat control our activity with progressive increase of power over matter and mind, so we ought to know if what we follow be real greatness, or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, if it be good or ill.; for men ought not to gravitate, passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously, and freely to follow great wisdom, justice, love and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of great men, for they represent great social forces, for good or ill.

Merchants watch the markets; they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal, how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans, how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people, and of the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honour and office by their skill. So, a man who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare—he must watch the great men, knowing the quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and faith, which there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay, because he is to live by the Word of God, and only asks, "Thy kingdom come."

What a great power is a great man! Aristotle rode on the top of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrite, and mounted there himself, himself in turn to be unhorsed. What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England, for half a century! What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century!—Napoleon in Europe for the last half century! In America, it is above all things necessary to study the great men. Their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England the power of great men is checked by the great families, the great classes, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no great families; historical men are not from or for such, had not historic fathers, leave not historic sons. *Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.* Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

It is a wonder how many famous Americans have no children at all. Hancock, Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson—each broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. And of the great men that leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, so little they are lost—a single needle from the American pine to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods. No great families here hold great men in check. There is no great class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any great man. Here is no hereditary power. So the personal greatness of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that three-fold check, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole, our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privileges. If our great intellect runs up hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side. The great man is amenable with us to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe—only to public opinion, and that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; these are the two factors of the American product; the multiplier and the multiplicand; millions of money, millions of men.

Hence, it is more necessary to study such great men before they take our heart, to know their quality and quantity; for this is to measure one of the greatest popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. It is needful, also, to separate the real great from the great seeming; and of the real great, the great good from the great evil. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipt of justice, he will change those ideas again, not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mobs.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle—the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks fronting the right way; but if he turns about, he is the fatalest foe, and treads its master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

How different are conspicuous men to different views. The City Corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon:

Monseigneur, the government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the Elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are entrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought—to restore to the country those tutelar institutions which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations.

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are only equalled by his public sins. How different he looks to different men. To me he is Napoleon the Little: to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sydney, "Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made."

It is this great importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by posture, on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence, I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose words went like morning over the continents. Hence, I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and I did not fear to point out every error in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right. Hence, I spoke of Gen. Taylor; yes, even of Gen. Harrison, a mere "accidental great man." You see why. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how frail it seems; but burn that clay in the fire, and though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

A great man may do one of two things in influencing men; either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself; spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinions into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet may never reach far into the future. He will have power, in his time, in America, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary ability to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and will. Such a man differs from mankind in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power might be represented by two parallel lines, beginning, one, where his influence begins: the other, where his influence extends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance between the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind; not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas and actions. He will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd have nothing at all. His power, also, may be represented by two lines, beginning at his birth, pointing forward, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend; and containing time by their stretch, and space by their speed. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class: he spread laterally in his life-time, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man. Daniel Webster was a great man—for many years the favoured son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a mighty eloquence: there were two millions of readers for every word he spoke, and of late years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done great service; spoken noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the public eye; his public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what the result for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Capt. Ebenezer and Abigail Eastman Webster. No New Englander had pitched his tent so near the north star as Capt. Webster. The family was anything but rich, living first in a log cabin, then in a frame house, and sometimes keeping tavern. The father was a soldier of the French war, and in the Revolution—a great, brave big, brawny man. The mother was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When the virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come—the two Adams, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren, every living notable of our time. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him, recognised him, and asked, "Is this the son of Capt. Webster?" "It is, indeed," said the great man. "What," said he, "is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The school master was "abroad" in New Hampshire; he was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in a year was there a school; and that was two or three miles off. Thither went Daniel Webster, a brave, bright boy, "father of the man." The school-house of New Hampshire is the cradle of all her greatness.

When fourteen years old, he went to the Phillips Academy for a few months; then to study with Mr. Wood, at Boscawen, paying "a dollar a week" for the food for the body, and for the food of the mind. He was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, to carry a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit?

I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel," and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he fought his own way, with his own fist, keeping school in the vacation. He graduated at Dartmouth, in his twentieth year, largely distinguished, though he scorned his degree; and when the faculty gave him his diploma, he tore it to pieces, it is said, and trod it under his feet. Then he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, and keeping school with the other: and yet finding a third hand—this Yankee Briareus—to serve as Register of Deeds. This went on till he reached the age of twenty-two. Then he was here in Boston studying law with Mr. Gore, and helping his older brother to keep school. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from his preceptor, Mr. Gore—a prophecy which might readily be made; such a head as that was its own prophecy. Next, he is a lawyer at Boscawen for two years; then at Portsmouth, in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; "known all over the State of New Hampshire;" known also in Massachusetts. In 1812, when he was thirty years of age, he is elected to the House of Representatives in Congress. He has a wife, and soon has two daughters and two sons. Next, his house is burned, and his wife dies. He is in Boston in 1816; in 1820, then 38 years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there, provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry of men, Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel, at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822, he was elected to Congress for Boston. In 1827, to the Senate of United States. In 1841, he is Secretary of State. Again a private citizen in 1843. In the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued until, on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massasetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen Senator; five Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of this great man's outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his Life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a Citizen and Public Officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but in the briefness of a sermon I must pass by his labours in the law.

As a citizen, I am to speak of him chiefly as a public orator. In that capacity he made three great speeches, not at all political—at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the great battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honour the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say:

Our ancestors established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come.

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution—venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a field. There was the French nobleman—would to God France had many such to-day!—who periled his fortune, life and reputation for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown, till France also was a Republic. Fayette was there—the Fayette of two revolutions, the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say:

Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our idea over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!

On another occasion, when two great men—who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the first to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour;" men who had first been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death—then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chanted the psalm of commemoration to the younger Adams and Jefferson, who helped that newborn child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead—in his words they fought their battles o'er again; heard them resolve that "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and they grew greater before the eyes of the people as he brought up Adams and Jefferson, and showed the massive services of these men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric that had gone to the grave.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the Government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

How proudly could he say:

If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

As a statesman, I shall speak of him as a legislator and executive.

It is said that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. The speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they show the strength of a great man not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. His leaning was then, as it always was, toward the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test, as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property and not population as the basis of representation in the Senate. The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. Said he, "it would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was a little jealous of the legislature, but he wanted an independent Judiciary. In Congress, in 1813, he was with the Federal party, and of course not friendly to the war; yet he went for the defence of the country, and especially for naval defence. He had an eye on the commerce of America. He saw its value, and declared it a unit. He early did large service by procuring the passage of a law for the payment of bills in uniform currency. That was the greatest service, I think, he ever performed in matters of currency or national finance. In later years he defended the United States Bank, but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed with the driver's lash. In 1816, he opposed the protective tariff, and so in 1823. His speech at that time is a work of large labour, nice research, and still of value.

In 1828, he voted for the "bill of abominations," as the tariff was called; not because he was in favour of the measure, but as the least of sundry evils. Afterward, he became a strong advocate for a high protective tariff. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion. It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last opinion wrong—that he never answered his first great speech—but it seems to me that he was honest in the change.

In 1816 and 1824, the South wanted a protective tariff; the North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. Calhoun at that time was in favour of an United States protective tariff. There was to Mr. Webster for this change, it seems to me, a good and sufficient reason; but he had other fluctuations on this matter, which, I grieve to say, do not seem capable of an explanation quite so honourable.

He defended the Constitution against South Carolina's claim of the right to secede. It is customary at the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on that question; but it should be remembered that some of the ablest men that the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. Mr. Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea, and Calhoun was a great man, a profound man, a man of unimpeachable integrity in public and in private. Mr. Clay was certainly a great man, wise and subtle and far-sighted. I wish I thought he was as honest as Calhoun, or could be persuaded that he was as generous as Webster: but in 1833, Mr. Clay could not vote for the Force bill, which Mr. Webster had so proudly defended against the South Carolinian idea. Mr. Clay would not vote against it—he avoided the question; the air of the Senate was so bad he could not stay.

South Carolina claimed that the Federal Government had violated the Constitution; that she (South Carolina) was judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to nullify. The question is a deep one. It is the old question of Federal and Democrat—the question between the constitutional power of the whole and the power of the parts—Federal power and State power. Mr. Webster was always in favour of a strong central Government; honestly in favour of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer in particular to the speech in 1830, against Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833, against Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is the justest in its political ethics, or the deepest in the metaphysics of politics, or the farthest-sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say, that it surpasses all others in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr. Webster was then eight-and-forty years old. He defended New England against Mr. Hayne; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he reached high and put the capstone on his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall.

While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life—the one deed on which his fame as a political officer will settle down and rest—the Ashburton Treaty in 1842. The matter was difficult; the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify—England, the United States, Massachusetts and Maine; nay, it is whispered, that there was a fifth party—the Government at the time. The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent an honourable representative, and America an honourable Secretary; the two trustworthy men settled the difficulty, honestly, fairly and above board. I am not niggard of my praise; but I think this the one great deed of Mr. Webster. Perhaps no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. I am no judge of that. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England, the apprehension of war, and the delight when these two countries shook hands as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation—the English Briton and the English American—that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens—yea, were brothers in the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letter, on the Right of Search—and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships—would have done honour to any statesman in the world. He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my Anti-Slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in this matter.

On the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality, it is the one stain on that negotiation, and it is wonderful to me that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare that he thought that letter was the most triumphant production from his pen in all that correspondence.

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember the speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. He had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation; the sullen cloud still hung over his own head. He thundered his eloquence in to that cloud—the great ground lightning of his Olympian mind. I always thought that on that occasion Daniel Webster was in the right, and his opponents in the wrong; and I grieved at the reproach which public newspapers heaped on him, and the obloquy which the Convention of Massachusetts poured upon his head. What was his sin? He had faltered in the tariff, and did not declare that money was the great object of government, and the manufacture of cotton the chief end of man!

At first, he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He prepared some resolutions which were passed in the Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting, and favoured annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York. In 1845 he voted against annexation. He had felt it to be his duty did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to the annexation chiefly because it was a slave State. Here he stood with Adams: but against him was a Calhoun, Clay, and almost all the Democrats. Van Buren was then on his side; and many of the capitalists of the North wanted a thing that Webster wanted not. He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of Slavery. He said that on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only she could not be roused. if he had laboured then for freedom, as he wrought for Slavery in '50 and '51, Massachusetts would have been roused, New England would have risen as a single man, and annexation would have been put aside to the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity.

He opposed the Mexican war, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought in it, as "surpassing our fathers who stood behind bulwarks on Bunker Hill!" He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the *stripes* that they held up.

I come now to to speak of his relation to Slavery. Up to 1850, his conduct had been just and honourable. As a private citizen, in 1820, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. On Forefathers' Day, in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say:

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian States, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the Government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. Is it not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth and at midnight labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he vowed his entire unwillingness to do anything that should extend the Slavery of the African race on this continent. Said he:

On the general question of Slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold of the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with, it may be made willing. Believe it is entirely willing, to fulfil all existing engagements and all existing duties, to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to endeavour to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavours would inevitably render it; should this be attempted, I know nothing even in the Constitution or the Union itself which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow.

He always declared that Slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. He took the ground in 1830 that the General Government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing under the October sun at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the General Government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the "institution" of the South.

Yes, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could fused to exclude Slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36 deg. 30 min. to become slave States; he declared that he would give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave territory and $10,000,000; would refund to Virginia $200,000,000 derived from the sales of the public lands, to expatriate the free coloured people from her soil; that he would support the Fugitive bill with all its amendments, with all its provisions, "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning. You know how the Whig party and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation then felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But, such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-three men of Boston sent him a letter telling him that he had "pointed out the path of *duty*; convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservtion of the Union."

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; his speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of Slavery must "in some manner be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favour of the trial by jury, of the inalienable rights of man, in favour of the Christian religion, and "those thoughts which wander through eternity."

You remember the agony of our coloured men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of the American power.

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the coloured people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia—all over the land. You remember the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany—his industry, never equaled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember his threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-Slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," for the welfare of men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster, from Newburyport and Kennebec. You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that Slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You remember the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar—they went also for kidnapping. There went up a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits—"Away with such a fellow from the earth! Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, timidly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was, "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers that came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them—an ugly-looking fellow. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft. Of course it was an angel who let him out—for that Court, after six trials, I think, has not found a man that, at noonday, and in the centre of the town, did the deed. So I suppose it was an angel that did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims—Faneuil Hall shut against the Convention of the people; the Court House in chains; the Police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851—at least I do. You remember the "Acorn," and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of Government. In 1845, standing on the grave of Judge Story, he said, "Justice is the great interest of

dices—while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas—the monster of the deep that threatened to devour the ship of State—fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars, and to the other monster of Secession, to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, throwing over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for State rights, for common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his God—the funds of the United States did not go down one mill. You ask the capitalist, "Is the Union in danger?" He answers, "Oh, yes! it is in the greatest peril." "Then, will you sell me your stock lower than before?" "No, not a mill!" Not one mill, not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred! To ask a man to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should ask the Captain of the steamer Niagara, in Boston harbour, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath. No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed that there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm, not a single cat's-paw in the sky—not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. He must conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States, Slavery in California and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of colour to Africa.

He never so laboured before, and he was always a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philladelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active before, nor gave such proofs of such herculean power. The fountains of his great deep were broken up—he rained forty days and forty nights, and brought on a flood of Slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose high up over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the ark of freedom went on the face of the waters—above the market, above the court-house, above the factory, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure—for it bore the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster. What flattery to the South; what respect for Southern nullifiers, and what scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the higher law, and the God thereof! How he complimented the Catholics at New York, and the Methodist ministers at Boston! —and all this ambition! Oh, what a prostration of what a power! Then what a shrinking of great consciences, and hearts and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings that angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium:

> "To smallest forms reduced their shape immense;
> * * * * They who but now seemed
> In bigness to surpass Ecarth's giant sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room,
> Throng numberless, and were at large,
> Though without number still (amidst the hall)
> Of that infernal court."

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of Slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court-House; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slaveholder and the keeper of Slavery's dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that noble soul for company; his name the boast of every vilest thing. "Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!" Think of him! the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock, advocating the Compromise Measures! the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams, and the tongue of James Otis, praising the holy dead in his praise. Think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men who perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world! Think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the needy, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish? Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man, when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect compared to Webster, were as a single maggot measured by an eagle. Look at his services; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two-hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the "lower law," who made denial of God the first principle in their politics—where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the "higher law" or at Capron Springs who "laughed" when he scoffed at the law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers? the "lower law" men? Kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes. Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote. Not a vote. No! not one! Northern friends—I honour their affection for the great man, there was nothing else left in them for me to honour—went round to the South and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went with tears in their eyes, and in mercy's name, asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to treason against God, she answered "Not a vote!"

Oh, Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall! "He fell like Lucifer never to hope again!"

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness already full, was made to run over—for they called him up at midnight out of his bed—the poor, disappointed old man!—to "congratulate" him on their nomination of Scott! And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that he should rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay as he! Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for Scott. General Scott is said to be an Anti-Slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together he crawled upon the Baltimore platform, and stands there on all fours to this day, looking for citizens, "native and adopted," listening for "that brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read Gen. Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President—Scott in the chair, and Webster out? That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Daniel Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterward said, "I still live." If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back if he had ever set his foot again upon the ground!

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield—to die! his great heart—it was always a great heart, no downfall could make it little—his great heart broke! Daniel Webster died of his 7th of March speech! That word indorsed on Mason's Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains around your court house; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in the churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and worst of all, Boston, itself! and then, with its own recoil it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, and gave him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns—our honour we never lost. The army was without powder in '76, in Cambridge; without shoes and blankets in '78, and the bare feet of New England valour marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience, never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American General said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's higher law.

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down, but it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and precipitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then the court-house has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point away, and the "higher law" was hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would send back his mother; and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third was certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the assurance of his consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves. Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall.

My friends, it is hard for me to say these things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say these things. But God is just, and in the presence of God I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honour Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years of age when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I learned to hate Slavery from the lips of that great man, and now that he takes back his word, and comes himself to be Slavery's slave, oh, I hate it ten-fold greater than before; because it made a bondman out of that proud, magnanimous nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the inalienable rights of man.

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad coloured. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags are half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts—at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York; even at Baltimore, and Washington the courts adjourn, for the great lawyer is dead, and justice must await another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers—the court that executes the Fugitive Slave Law—that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of that prosecution is not quenched. When death puts out the lamp of life, injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave bill; it does not respect life—why should it death? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at the Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made classic by his eloquence, and look at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of nobler men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court? they greatly misjudged that man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.

Do men mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago. I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons that have fired "minute guns" for him, fired also one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitives' foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston—hated then—now respectable men, the companions of princes, enlarging their testimony in the court—I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succour; and for the first time in all my life I armed this hand. I mourned when the court-house was hung in chains, when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living, and in a living frame. I mourned when the poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand that Daniel Webster was chaining in that house. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sung our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's grey. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannons will sound their other notes of joy; but for me I shall go in mourning all my days. I shall refuse to be comforted and at last I shall lay down my grey hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. Oh, Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee——

a great body and a great brain: he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge—seldom such a face, since the stormy features of Michael Angelo,

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome—"

he who sculptured Day and Night into such beautiful forms—he looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. Dupuytren and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, started at him as they passed through our streets. The coal-heaver and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions, and great thoughts.

> "The front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional and religion; and try him on that scale. His late life shows that he had little religion—somewhat of its lower forms—conventional, devoutness, formality of prayer, "the ordinances of religion;" but he had not a great man's all-conquering look to God It is easy to be "devout." The Pharisee was more so than the Publican. It is hard to be moral. "Devoutness" took the Priest and the Levite to the Temple; Morality the Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves. Men tell us he was religious, and in proof declare that he read the Bible; thought Job a great epic poem; quoted Habbakuk from memory, and knew hymns by heart; and latterly agreed with a New Hampshire divine in all the doctrines of a Christian life.

Of the affections, he was well provided by nature—though they were little cultivated—very attractable to a few. Those who knew him loved him tenderly, and if he hated like a giant he loved also like a king. Of unimpassioned and unrelated love there are two chief forms: Friendship and Philanthropy. Friendship he surely had. All along the shore men loved him. Men in Boston loved him; even Washington held loving hearts that worshipped him.

Of philanthropy, I cannot claim much for him; I find it not. Of conscience, it seemed to me he had little; in his latter life, exceeding little; his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was not just. Free to give as to grasp, he was charitable by instinct, not disinterested on principle.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man. His intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. But if you look at the forms of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes of force, the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Reason; the understanding, dealing with details and methods; imagination, with beauty, its power to create; reason, with first principles and universal laws.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great reason. He does not belong to the great men of that department—the Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and the other mighties. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last forever.

I cannot assign to him a large imagination. He was not creative of new thoughts, of forms, or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens the loftiest eloquence. But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill; and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors whom he loved to quote, make up his meager classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him.

As a statesman his lack of what I call the highest reason and imagination continually appears. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no great maxim, created out of human history, and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not born in his bosom. He organized nothing. There were great ideas of practical value, seeking lodgment in the body; he aided them not.

None of the great measures of our time were his—not one of them. His best bill was the specie bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency. He did not administer eminently well. The affairs of Cuba, last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands are little to his credit. The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The treaty signed at Washington, in 1842, he managed well, with all its intricacies. His course in politics was crooked. Now for Free Trade, then for Protection; now for Specie, then for Bills; first for a Bank, then for an "obsolete idea;" now for Freedom and against Slavery, then for Slavery and against Freedom; now Justice is the object of Government, now money. Now, what makes men Christians, makes them good citizens; next, religion is everywhere but in politics; there it makes men mad. Now, religion is the only ground of Government; next, there is no law higher than the act of Congress, and he hoots at conscience, and would not re-enact the law of God He tacked and wore-ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and never came round but fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saint; he always forsook his idea just as his idea was about to make his fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Law has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate Slavery with a ten-fold hate. So far as he has "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate; a great orator—it is said the greatest in the land, and I do not doubt that this is true. Surely, he was immensely great. Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great orator. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by Nature, as a mother bears a son; the wide knowledge of deep philosophy, nor the plastic industry which creates a beautiful whole by art, as the sculptor chisels the marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of eloquence will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence; he was a Niagara.

His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty. In latter years he seldom touched the conscience, the affection, or the soul, except, alas to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding; not the reason—Calhoun did that the more; not the imagination—in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid seige to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, making a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He gathered great mass of material, bowed it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by gunnery than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.

This orator brings down his querry with a single subtle shot, of sixty the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as *sure* as fate. Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquors by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly Webster was honest in his oratory; open English and not Yankee. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal, and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar; and like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonage. This was his strategy, in the Court-House, in the Senate, and the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick, the trick of self-depreciation. That came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox.

He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. Many of these, and held that post out five years. He was continually out-generaled by subtler men. He had little political foresight, for he had not the all conquering Religion which meekly executes the law of God, all fearless of its consequence; nor the mighty Reason, which, reflecting, sees the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men; nor the kindred Imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law; nor yet the wide Philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart, and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceed; and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the presidency, but Harrison kept him from the nomination in 1840, Clay in 1844, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation; for he had no elemental thunder of his own—the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first; the Force Bill was from another hand; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr Mason's; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one For some years no large body of men has had much confidence in him—admiration, but not trust In Massachusetts, off the pavement, for the last three years, he has had but little power. Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. General Jackson was the most popular man of our time. Calhoun was popular throughout the South, Clay in all quarters of the land, and at this day Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster had never the influence on America of the least of these. Henry Clay laboured to defeat him at Baltimore, last June. This was not generous in Mr Clay, for in '44, Webster had toiled earnestly for that "Hero of the West," toiled for his rival, toiled against hope. But Mr. Clay bore him a grudge, and on his death bed waited for the consolation of his more generous rival's fall, saw it, was glad, and died contented.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities He loved out-door and manly sports—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honourably had fought his way alone. He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows—short horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayreshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen, lowing, came to see their sick lord, and as he stood in his door, his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He was a friendly man; all along the shore there were plain men that loved him—whom he also loved; a good neighbour, a good townsman.

> "Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also, for their use—the two greatest things that great men ask Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations will bind him to the coming age Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. For the present, his career is a failure; he was baulked of his aim. How will it be for the future? The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the great question of Human Right, as champions of mankind there will appear, Adams, Giddings, Chase, and Mann and Hale, Rantoul and Sumner; yes, one other name, which, on the historian's page, will shade all these—the name of Garrison. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared that "protection of property" was the great domestic object of government; that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favour of unalienable right, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government. That New England elephant turned round, and tore freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by justice and the law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines—a nation reads his word; they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between—for there are no great ideas of Right, no mighty acts of Love to keep them wide.

Was his private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues that he did not have. This day such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary, amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. Let us "naught extenuate and nothing add, and set down naught in malice" It is true that he was over fond of animal delights of the joys of his body's baser part; fond of solid luxury, not fond of show. He had a plain house, but a sumptuous board. He loved power, loved luxury, loved wine, not show. He was intensely proud, not vain. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts and did not settle; borrowed and rendered not again. Private money sometimes clove to his hands, yet in his generous nature there was no taint of avarice. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereon the stain rests upon him to this day. A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the manufacturers of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hands, how could he dare be just. His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide! Three or four hundred years ago, Thomas Moore would not accept five thousand pounds, which the English clergy publicly offered him for public services done as chancellor. But Webster in private took—how much I cannot tell. Considering all things, their wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonourable in them to bribe, as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas, he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality, and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so, but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that Slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident in his dreadful mock of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar! There is no higher law quoth he; and how much the pulpit, the press, the forum and the bar, denies its God. Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '52. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's conscience died of the murrain of beasts which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good, and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to the useful for to day? If he scorned the law of God, how could he bless the world of men? "Twas by this fault he fell."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that before his fatal speech he had assurance from the North and South that if he supported Slavery "would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than all the South!" He sinned against his own conscience and so he fell!

He made him wings of Slavery to fly to lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, the great Webster lies!

> "To this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
> The man so great, so honoured, so beloved?
> Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
> Which labour could not stoop, nor fear control?
> Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
> Which half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
> Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause,
> Where the delightful taste of just applause?
>
> "O, lost alike to action and repose,
> Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes;
> With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
> Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
> With all that habit of familiar fame,
> Doomed to exhaust the days of life in shame!"

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

> "To dash corruption in her proud career,
> And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

Had he been faithful to his own words so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How differently would have been the aspect of the North, and the South, and the principles of the pulpit, the forum and the court! Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame! Then had he lived and laboured for Freedom as for Slavery—nay, with half the diligence and half the mighty power—to-morrow all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honour from a people's heart. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson and Washington, and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, he would not thus have left him in age "naked to his enemies!"

Poor little he came to the ground at once. Little by little he came to the ground, long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, brought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard" was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she tied him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that deceived him; but oh! he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a passion, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the kidnappers took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington and bound him with fetters of brass.

And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said "Our God, which is Slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy—the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us." Part of the blame belongs to the New England church, which calls men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whitened sepulchre. The churches of New England were waiting to proclaim Slavery and renounce the law of God. His is not all the blame. No, it is not the greatest part. He suffers for the iniquity of us all.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him, too oft, to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7 first came here. She should have hung her flag at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-three men that thanked him for the speech, which touched their "conscience" and pointed out the path of "duty!" 'Twas she that ruined him.

What a sad life was his! At Portsmoth his house burned down, all uninsured. His wife died—a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb! Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb—a daughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum. For years to me he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate, and latterly, the saddest sight in all this Western world—widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed man. He blasted us with scornful lightning; him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston—the procession, last summer. You remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with their mockery of applause! You remember when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of saving the Union; of the compromise measures, not a word; but for his own great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said; "Here in Boston I am not disowned—at least here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster! you were not disowned in Boston So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. It was by our sin, by Boston's sin, that the great man fell! I pity his victims; you pity them too. But I pity him more; oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not pity the oppressed in his sin?

Look, there! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn, Go, and sin no more." Listen to the last words of the Crucified, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall—it was last June—the sick old man—it was Faneuil Hall open; once it had been shut—you remember the feeble look and the sad face. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He staid an hour and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave bill was not good religion, nor good morality, nor good constitution, nor good law.

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home—to die! To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. His friends were about him; his dear ones—his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two coloured servants of his were there—men that he had bought out of Slavery, and had blessed with freedom and life. They watched over the bed-side of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill, and when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna that fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and the shepherd David gathered it up and kept it in a psalm:

"The Lord is my Shepherd. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want—thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That great heart had never renounced God. Oh, no! It had scoffed at His "higher law," but in the heart of hearts, there was religion still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, the mortal Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him; he heeds it not. He needs not pity. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost! Oh, no, "I still live," is truer than the sick man knew:

> "He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
> And perfect virtues of all judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honour shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fate, and that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstance and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what his sin, God knows what also is resisted, and he alone knows who the sinner is. The dear old mother of us all! Oh, let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must in deed be worshipped, and a higher law of God which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye and take your journey into the land of Freedom, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven and pray:

> "Sweet Mercy! To the gates of Heaven,
> This statesman lead, his sins forgiven,
> The rueful conflict, the heart riven
> With vain endeavour;
> And memory of earth's bitter leaves
> Effaced forever!
>
> "But why to him confine the prayer,
> While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
> On the frail heart, the purest share
> With all that life?
> The best of what we do and are—
> Great God! forgive!"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1852.

THE ANNIHILATION OF THE WHIG PARTY.

If History be Philosophy teaching by Examples, never did she have an Example more full of instruction with which to make men wiser than the one furnished by the Second of November. On that day, a party which appeared but the day before to be established forever, which was in actual possession of the National Government, and which confidently anticipated being confirmed in power by the preponderating voice of the People, was, not defeated, but extinguished; not foiled, but crushed; not routed, but annihilated. On that day, the Whig Party passed between the upper millstone of the South and the nether millstone of the North, and was ground to powder and given to the winds. In the evening it flourished like a green bay tree, and seemed to extend its branches over the whole land, and in the morning it was withered like Jonah's gourd, and men looked for it, and lo! it was not, for God had smote it. Never was there such an instance of the mutability of political Fortune as this; but, like all the seeming caprices of that Power

> [illegible] and can chance,

it had a philosophical cause and a deep significance. It was designed for Instruction as well as for Reproof, and happy will it be for those who writhe under the Humiliation if they can perceive and profit by the teaching it would convey.

The Whig Party has fallen, never to rise again, because it had consented to sacrifice all that was distinctive and sterling in its principles to the delusive treachery of a Southern Alliance. The weight and strength of the Party was always in the North. Its Southern wing was ever most uncertain and treacherous, ready to join it when Victory was secure, and as swift to turn against it when Defeat impended. And the weight and strength of the party in the North mainly rested on the determination which, with more or less of sincerity on the part of the leaders, it had evinced of checking the aggressions of Slavery to the extent of its Constitutional power. It claimed the significant name of Whig in virtue of its position of hostility to the arbitrary and irresponsible exercise of power. As the Anti-Slavery element began to enter into politics, the Whig leaders undertook to use it for their own purposes, and many honest haters of Slavery were induced to cling to it for a long time, in the faith that they were sincere. The Resolutions of Massachusetts on the Matter of Texas, going even to the extent of indicating the Righteousness of the Remedy of Secession in case that Crime was committed, the Letter of the Whig Members informing their constituents of the Conspiracy and warning the South that the North would not submit to it, the Address, dictated by Mr. Webster, of the Anti-Texas Convention, his Speeches at Springfield and at Marshfield, the Anti-Slavery Orations of Mr. Choate and other Whig leaders, together with the unanimous voice of the Northern Whig Press, went far towards excusing this confidence. It hardly seemed possible that men who had thus committed themselves to Freedom could ever outrun the Democrats in that race of servility and infamy, which it was one of their standing topics—one of the coumonplaces of their rhetoric—to expose and denounce.

But in an evil hour for them, they accidentally (or Providentially) stumbled into power. The Democratic leaders, who had instigated the Mexican Piracy in hope of thus confirming their dynasty, were fated to be overthrown by one of the creatures which their War had made. The Whigs were suddenly converted from the heresy which had regarded the Mexican War as the offspring of Murder and Robbery, and they hailed one of its chief instruments as their chosen leader, and saluted him as the Second Washington. But, still, they relaxed none of the fervour of their Anti-Slavery protestations at the North. It was to secure the conquered Territory from the curse of Slavery that they called upon Northern

animus of the New York judiciary, shortly appeared in Court, with one Henry D. Lapaugh as his counsel.

Mr. Lapaugh then put in the following return, sworn to by Jonathan Lemmon, the respondent, who states that the eight persons named in the writ of *habeas corpus* are the property of Juliet Lemmon, the wife of the respondent, for whom they are now held and retained by this respondent. That the said Juliet Lemmon has been the owner of the said persons, or their parents, for about four years last past, and she is now on her way to Texas, to which place or State the deponent and his wife are now going for the purpose of taking up a permanent residence for themselves and the said persons above mentioned, who are now owned by the said Juliet as her slaves; that the said Juliet is not a negro trader; that the said slaves were inherited by her as heir and descendant of William Douglas, late of Bath County, in the State of Virginia; that it is not the intention of the said Juliet to sell the said slaves, as alleged in the petition of the relator. This respondent therefore denies that the said persons are free; but, on the contrary, states that they are slaves, of whom the said Juliet is entitled to the custody and possession.

The counsel then asked for an adjournment of the case till Monday, which the Judge granted, remarking that it was an important case, and they had better not be in a hurry about it. It is not hard to guess which party thought itself most obliged by this decision—the party demanding that freedom which is theirs by right and by law, or the party seeking to make slaves of those who, by law, are free.

On Monday the case again came up, and both parties appeared before his Honour. We here copy the full report of the proceedings made in *The Herald:*

Judge Paine having taken his seat, Mr. Lepaugh rose and said—Under the circumstances in which the case was presented to the Court, and especially as it is one which it is desirable on all hands to have fully and fairly investigated, and owing to the shortness of time, from Saturday until this morning, which the counsel for the claimants have had to prepare themselves in this case, so far as they might desire in order that justice to their clients should be fully performed, we are under the necessity of asking that it be adjourned until to-morrow; and, in making this application, it is perhaps proper that I should say, that it is one entirely for the convenience of counsel. Mr. Clinton had this morning been engaged to co-operate with me, and he has not yet had an opportunity to look into the matter. So far as my clients are concerned, they would be glad to have the case disposed of to-day, if it could be done, for the only property which they have consists of these slaves. They themselves had taken a passage in a vessel which left on Saturday, and not knowing but that their slaves might be given up more readily, and without calling in aid the machinery which their counsel found it necessary to do, in order to sustain their legal rights, they engaged a passage again for to-day; but the duty which the counsel have to perform render it necessary that they should submit and sacrifice the loss of their passage money, or run the chance of having it returned as the case may be. The return which we put in before was hastily drawn, and, from the shortness of time which counsel had to prepare, it was not so perfect and full as desirable. Since the adjournment on Saturday I have examined as far as I was able various points in connection with the questions which here arise, and I am satisfied in my own mind that I could not do justice to these claimants unless a further return be made. In order, further, that there may be no act in this case, either at the present or at any time during its pendency of adjudication, which should look otherwise than perfectly fair, we are desirous of drawing a return with much care, in order to present the various points which we feel we are authorized to present under the existing provisions of our law and the decisions of the various courts in this State, and in the United States Court. Therefore, if your Honour please, I move that this case be postponed until to-morrow, at ten o'clock, and in the meantime we will put in an amended return, furnish the other side with a copy, and then proceed to argue the case if the counsel upon the other side is ready. The magnitude and importance of the case must be my apology for asking the court for further indulgence in reference to putting in the return.

Mr. Clinton—It is proper for me to state, if your Honor pleases, in seconding this motion to adjourn, that I am quite satisfied that the only questions to be presented before your Honour are questions of law. There will be no dispute as to questions of fact. I have not yet had an opportunity of looking over the papers, but I am satisfied this will be the case. The case will present to your honour questions only as to the construction of the statutes, and the construction of certain provisions of the constitution of the United States. These questions are entirely new, for I believe they have not been adjudicated upon, and it is therefore necessary that proper time should be afforded for discussion and adjudication upon these principles. No harm can result to the other side from this adjournment, for the only parties who suffer from it are our clients. I therefore hope that the counsel on the other side will not object.

Mr. Culver—I am disposed to be very courteous in this matter, and I did, not on that account oppose the application on Saturday, but I must say that I think sufficient time has been granted. Here are eight persons who are now held in illegal confinement, as we say; and, therefore, as little delay should take place as possible. I have an engagement to-morrow in a case which has been half tried. My client has gone to California, and half the witnesses have been sworn. The cause is adjourned until to-morrow, at 10 A M., and we are to sum up the evidence before the Surrogate, at Brooklyn; therefore it will be impossible for me to attend here. I could, perhaps, attend to morrow afternoon.

Judge Paine—Then let it be to-morrow afternoon. From the nature of the case I suppose it will occupy all the afternoon.

Mr. Culver—Yes. It now comes up as a question of law—whether Slavery exists in the State of New York.

Judge Paine—I supposed that was the case; and although I think that this adjournment is unnecessary, I am desirous of giving all the time in my power so that there shall be no reason to complain. I am anxious to go on with the case, for it is interfering with my other duties. I have adjourned to-day where I was sitting, in the other branch of the Court, to take up this matter, but I am perfectly willing to take to-morrow afternoon.

Mr Clinton—We cannot get ready to draw our points.

Mr. Lepaugh—We shall save time, so far as the Court is concerned in having the matter stand over until to-morrow, for then we shall be able to present it in a lucid and clear manner before the Court. We intend to present some questions which have not been raised heretofore. This case present features which have appeared in no other case heretofore adjudicated upon.

Judge Paine—If you say there are such features, I am not disposed to refuse you any opportunity of suggesting something new to me.

Mr. Clinton—There certainly are many new features which we shall present to your honour.

Mr. Culver—I would suggest that their amended return should be presented, because upon that we take issue

Judge Paine (to Mr. Clinton)—You only wish to state the matter more fully and substantially; they will not be varied.

Mr. Clinton—No, sir, they will not be altered, and we will inform the counsel as to the facts we wish to state.

Mr. Lepaugh—We wish to put these facts upon the record, upon which we shall raise certain questions of law, but the facts will not be varied, and we will give them in the course of the day.

Judge Paine—I will adjourn the question then, until to-morrow afternoon, at four o'clock, and we will sit in one of the jury rooms, which, at that hour, will, no doubt, be vacant.

Mr. Culver—There are an immense number of persons who wish to witness this case, and a larger room will be a great accommodation. I may say here that there is no rowdyism about them—they are a respectable and orderly people. If it were not so, I should have nothing to do with the matter. In the meantime, I wish your honour to direct that these persons remain in custody

Judge Paine—They will remain in the custody of the officers, and provisions shall be made for their being taken care of. The case shall stand adjourned until to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock.

On Tuesday the case again came on, when counsel was heard on both sides; but as the Judge wished to give his opinion in writing, the decision was postponed till Saturday. We wait till that time, therefore, to know whether New York is a Free State or a Slave State.

PENALTY FOR AIDING FUGITIVES.—A brief paragraph in the papers states that the Case of Oliver and others against Daniel Cauffman, Stephen Wheatley and Phillip Brechtel, has been decided in the U. S. Circuit Court, at Philadelphia, in favour in part of the plaintiff. The defendants were charged with harbouring and assisting thirteen fugitive slaves, claimed as belonging to them by the plaintiffs, and the jury rendered a verdict against Cauffman in the sum of $2,800 damages, but of not guilty as to Wheatley and Brechtel. The trial commenced on the 19th of last month, and was concluded a few days since. The jury were locked up three days before they could agree upon a verdict. The evidence in the case we have not seen.

MORE SLAVE-HUNTING IN PHILADELPHIA.—An alleged fugitive slave was arrested in Philadelphia on Tuesday of last week, and was given up to the claimant on Friday. The poor fellow seized was named Thomas Brown; he was hounded out by the notorious kinnapper, Alberti, who unfortunately is at large by the pardoning grace of Governor Bigler; and was carried before the United States Commissioner, Ingraham, who has heretofore proved himself a fit instrument to return fugitives to bondage, or make slaves of freemen, as the case may be. The claimant was Andrew Pearce, of Cecil County, Maryland. The *Pennsylvania Freeman* thus reports the opening proceedings:

At a moment's notice David Paul Brown and William A. Pierce volunteered as counsel for the prisoner, and the summary proceedings commenced. A lawyer named Pettit, who seemed worthy of his business and clients, acted as counsel for the man hunters. An affidavit, taken in Maryland, describing Brown, in the accustomed negro trading style, was presented by Pearce as proof of his property in the man; and to prove his identity, a witness named Reed, from Maryland, was produced. Reed swore positively that he had known Brown, under another name, for years, and that he was Pearce's slave. But his statements, under the searching cross-examination of Mr. Brown, gave the appearance of an atrocious piece of fraud to the whole proceedings. He testified that so far as he knew, Pearce owned no property except several slaves, that he rented a little place, and most of the time worked about at cutting wood, and other like jobs; that he (Reed) believed Pearce inherited his slaves from his father, though he did not know that the father had made a will, and Pearce's older brother had no slaves; that he had never seen the prisoner in Pearce's employ, but had often seen him at work with farmers in the neighbourhood; that he had heard Pearce claim him as his slave, and this, with the general rumour, was his only knowledge of the fact; that he lived ten miles from Pearce's, and some of P.'s neighbours, for whom the prisoner had worked, lived much nearer; that Alberti came to Cecil County, and saw Pearce, and that on Monday, Pearce and Alberti called on him to accompany them, and they came together to Philadelphia, Pearce bearing the expense. Monday evening he was taken to see Brown by a confederate of Alberti's, and saw him in the street, the first time he had seen him since his escape, which was some time in '45, '46, '47 or '48, he could not tell which. Then they all went to Alberti's and spent the night.

At this stage of the trial it was adjourned to Friday, and on that day was concluded by returning the alleged fugitive to the claimant. Mr. Brown is reported to have said, in substance, when the evidence was all in:

A person named Andrew Pearce, from Maryland, claims George Bordley as his slave. You (addressing the Commissioner) have afforded every fair and reasonable opportunity to do the fugitive justice. I represent the Abolition Society, being myself an Abolitionist. I might avoid saying anything, but in the position of the General Government, I choose to define my position. Dr. Franklin, in 1780, with others, were the founders of the Abolition Society. They confederated to abolish Slavery, to ameliorate the condition of the blacks, and to protect those *unlawfully* held in bondage against unjust claims.

I am not here to say that the law shall not have its way. The Society which I represent do not deserve the reproach that they are hostile to the South. Nor does the people of Pennsylvania. The agent employed in such cases (meaning Alberti) may generate opposition. It may also arise from the persons mixed with the case. But where a claimant produces five or six respectable witnesses to prove the identity of the fugitive, the Society will not throw further obstacles in the way of the claimant. Much as we are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, and to the institution it is designed to protect, we know our duty as citizens, and will bow in submission to the laws of the land.

Mr. Brown said, in conclusion, that the weight of the evidence was with the claimants, and it only remained for the defence to "ground arms" with the best grace they could.

At the conclusion of these remarks, Bordley was remanded to the custody of Pearce, and a certificate granted. The hall and passages were crowded with anxious spectators, but no disposition was manifested to interfere with the proceedings. The scene, when the decision was given, is described as of the most painful character. The wife of the fugitive was present, and was overwhelmed with agony when she heard that her last hope was taken away from her, and that she was about to be separated forever from her husband.—Moved by her tears, some of the bystanders immediately proposed to purchase the condemned, but the master refused to entertain any such proposition for the present. He was determined, he said, to take the man home with him, as an example to his other slaves, and that afterwards he would be willing to enter into negotiation for a sale. In what way the man's return was to be made a profitable lesson to his fellow bondmen was not stated, but we may safely conclude that it was not to consist merely of a pleasant trip from Philadelphia to Maryland, to remain a few days among his old comrades, and then return a freeman to a free State. There will be interludes of plantation life in which the fugitive will be made to exemplify the horrible danger incurred by those who attempt to escape from Slavery.

MRS. STOWE.—A writer in the *London News* proposes that a testimonial be given to the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He says:

"When we remember that the authoress derives no profit from the sale of the work in England, except, I believe in one instance, I think something more than empty praise should be given by the readers of it. I would, therefore, respectfully suggest that every English reader of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' should be requested to contribute the sum of one penny, one-half to be presented to Harriet Beecher Stowe, as a tribute of gratitude to the talented authoress, and the remaining half to be applied for the promotion of the abolition of Slavery on the American continent—as an indication of their earnest sympathy with the oppressed slave, and of their ardent wish for complete emancipation."

Such a proposition, we should think, could not fail of meeting with a hearty approval in Great Britain, and, if proper steps are taken, of securing a substantial recompense to Mrs. Stowe, of the fruits of whose labours others are now reaping so largely. The (London) *Literary Gazette* calculates that a profit of not less than £20,000 (about one hundred thousand dollars) will be divided among the English publishers of the various editions of 'Uncle Tom,' and of this large sum, not a penny accrues to the author, except a very small percentage which one publisher voluntarily presents her. The number of editions issued there is already twenty-one, and the price ranges from ten shillings to sixpence (sterling). Of the sixpenny edition, not less than two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been printed and the publisher has realized from this and other editions in which he is interested, about £4000, and calculates on his profits alone reaching £10,000. He gives constant employment, in binding the book, to four hundred men, women and children. One firm of railway booksellers had been selling, at the last accounts, for three weeks, three hundred copies a day of the better editions, they not keeping the sixpenny edition, just referred to, and which has met with so extraordinary a sale. Of the large sums thus produced by the sale of the book, Mrs. Stowe is, in justice, entitled to a share, but, in the absence of an International copyright law, there is no remedy. The injustice, we sincerely hope, will be, in some measure, repaired by the adoption of some such plan as that proposed by the correspondent of the *London News*. Will not some of our British readers stir themselves in the matter?

☞ THE REV. DR. PUTNAM, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, is reported to have stated in his sermon on the death of Daniel Webster, that the coloured servants who followed him to the tomb were once slaves, and had been purchased and emancipated by him. The fact is stated to be—as it certainly is—creditable to Mr. Webster; but do those who so maintain it, accept the opposite proposition, that to be a slaveholder is not creditable? Why should not Daniel Webster have held slaves as well as Henry Clay? Or if it was any credit to him that he emancipated those he obtained by purchase, why is not a stain upon the memory of the other that he did not do the same thing?

Dr. Putnam, we remember, preached a sermon in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law. If it was charitable, and Christian in Mr. Webster to secure the freedom of one or two persons by purchase, is it charitable and christian to reduce those to bondage who have asserted and achieved their own right to freedom? And if the law requires this, is it the part of a Christian minister to advocate that which is uncharitable and unchristian?

There certainly seems to be a lurking 'prejudice' against Slavery in the human heart which it is very difficult to 'conquer.'

READING "UNCLE TOM."

HEART-HARROWED with its scenes, I lay the book
In anguish down, to dry mine aching eyes,
I ponder on the Justice high, which lies
If in God's sunshine, o'er each shadowy nook,
And feel no chasm dark can it o'erlook;
Then to the task again my soul applies—
The task through sympathy to grow more wise,
With will to master that which feebly shook.
What! ask I of my heart, art thou so weak
Thou canst not list to what so many bear?
Arouse, and nerve thyself to do and dare,
And the deliverance of these millions seek!
A many-threaded cable of light strands
Would hold the ship of State to break these bands.

A. P. C.

GERRIT SMITH, M. C.—Among the surprising results of the late election is the choice of Gerrit Smith as a member of Congress, in a district which gave a majority for Pierce and King. It is a cheering fact, whatever may have been its cause—whether he were elected by bolting Democrats or bolting Whigs. As a testimony to the estimation in which he is held among his neighbours it is valuable, and must be gratifying to him and to his personal friends; it would seem, moreover, to indicate that his fellow-citizens choose that he who is their immediate representative shall be one who can take a most decided and unequivocal stand upon the subject of Slavery. How striking a contrast in the relative positions of Smith and the renegade Stanton! This, denying the faith that has ever given him any distinction now lurking about the purlieus of Tammany Hall conspiring with his brother locofocos for a share of the public plunder; that, by the voluntary choice of the people asked to take a position of trust and eminence for which which the other may beg in vain!

Mr. Smith's distinctive principle on the subject of Slavery is, that it is illegal and unconstitutional, and he will not, therefore, hesitate to take the oath which, as he conceives, does not coerce him into its support. We wish that he could go to Congress and demand that the oath be administered to him with a protest, on his part, against certain clauses of the Constitution; but as he does not give to those clauses the popular and judicial construction, such a step he will not consider necessary. We are confident, however, that he will not permit his sense of duty to slumber, but will be instant, in season and out of season, to press his peculiar views upon Congress, and to urge it to remove without delay the great wrong which, by the connivance, and in the name of Government, is perpetrated upon one-sixth of the people. We are much mistaken if he does not prove the most troublesome member ever yet admitted to the American Congress, for we do not see how, consistently with his principles, he can be otherwise. His demand, first and above all things, must be for justice, and, till it be gained or he be silenced, it must be continued. We do not hope that the first will be gained; we shall be disappointed if the attempt at the last shall be successful.

THE RESULT.—The overwhelming defeat of the Whigs last week takes every body by surprise—not that they are defeated, but that they are annihilated. Undoubtedly the party expected to go to bed on Tuesday night with sore bones, but it did not expect to wake up on Wednesday morning and find itself dead entirely. To do it credit, it takes its death with a good deal of philosophy, though underneath its laugh it is not difficult to detect a lurking disposition to cry. It is already beginning to look about it, to see which may be the best disposition of its remains, and there is very strong evidence manifest of a tremendous scatteration to come. For that, however, we must wait awhile yet.

The following table seems to be the nearest approximation that can yet be made to ascertaining the actual result of the vote on the Presidential candidates. Poor Mr. Webster! Had he only lived to see that the available candidate only carried four States!

States.	*Maj. for Scott.*	*Electors.*
Massachusetts	7,800	13
Vermont	10,000	5
Tennessee	1,800	12
Kentucky	2,200	12
Scott's majority	21,800	42
For Pierce.		
Maine	11,000	8
New Hampshire	14,000	5
Rhode Island	1,100	4
Connecticut	3,500	6
New York	25,000	35
New Jersey	5,000	7
Pennsylvania	23,000	26
Delaware	100	3
Maryland	5,000	8
Virginia	8,000	15
North Carolina	5,000	10
South Carolina	(by legislature)	8
Georgia	5,000	10
Florida	500	3
Alabama	4,000	9
Louisiania	1,000	6
Texas	7,000	4
Mississippi	2,000	7
Arkansas	6,000	4
Ohio	15,000	23
Indiana	15,000	13
Illinois	12,000	11
Missouri	12,000	9
Michigan	5,000	6
Wisconsin	2,000	5
Iowa	4,500	4
California	1,500	4
Total for Pierce,	192,200	254
Deduct Scott's majority,	21,800	42
Pierce's probable majority,	170,400	212

THE HAYTIANS.—Rev. W. L. Judd, who has spent several years in Hayti, thus speaks, in a letter to a Boston paper, of the simple and hospitable character of the people of that island, and of the security to life and property which prevails among them:

I hesitate not to say that I believe there has been the past six years less murders, less robbery, and less incendiarism, at Port-au-Prince than in an any city of the same size, and during the same period, in the United States. During this whole period, and even longer, there has been but one fire in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants! Where can a parallel be found in the United States? I have traveled in the country at all hours of the day and night, "o'er mountain heights and valleys low," in lonely forests and amid cultivated fields, and have never been treated with disrespect by the coarsest peasant or the rudest mountaineer. In these journeys I have never been refused a night's lodging at the poorest cabin, where from necessity or convenience I choose to stop. And when I have called for the bill of fare I am almost universally answered by the expression, "Just what you choose to give." (*Ce que vous voulez me donnez*, or, in the simple patois of the paysan, *ca ou voulez baille moi.*) And although it is the land of the old buccaneers, and where the example of foreigners has exhibited more of violence and fraud than of gentleness and honesty, still from Tiburon to Samana, and from Jacmel to Cape Haytien, I know of not a single cove where a ship may not enter, nor a single mountain fastness where a traveller may not pass with safety from robbers.

If the new buccaneers should conclude, from this picture, that such a people will become an easy prey to the spoiler, they will, nevertheless, find themselves mistaken. The fear of Slavery will turn the lamb into a lion; at least we hope so, and the past history of the Haytian negro warrants the belief.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—The *Parkersburg (Va.) News* states that the street in front of the Post Office in that place was recently lighted up by a bonfire of newspapers which had been "reserved unto the day of fire," under sentence of condemnation for the Anti-Slavery sentiments contained in them. The '*auto de fe*' was made under direction of the officers of the law. How circumstances *do* alter cases! If the Prince-President of France, the Emperor of Austria, or the Governor of Cuba, prohibits the circulation of an English or an American newspaper within his dominions, the country rings with denunciations of French, Austrian or Spanish tyranny; but if the prohibition happens to be by a Southern Slave-driver—*that* is quite another matter. It is quite safe to denounce Louis Napoleon, but he is a bold editor who, with a Southern circulation, shall venture to speak disrespectfully of a Virginian catch-pole.

A PETITION has been presented in the Vermont Legislature, from various persons in Brattleboro', asking for women the right to vote in school-meetings. Mrs. Nichols, the editress of the Windham County *Democrat*, was allowed to present the claims of the petitioners in the Representatives' Hall. She claimed that Woman had been alienated from her true sphere, which was now too tame, and denied that naturally her sex was more dependent than the other. She claimed for woman the right to represent her property, and natural interests in her child, in overseeing its educational interests.

Domestic Correspondence.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1852

DEAR FRIEND GAY: I am just closing my present campaign in the West. It has been, as usual, rich in incident and experience. We had, among a great many lectures and local conventions, three large gatherings, of the most deeply interesting character.

The first was the anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. Of this your readers were well informed by the official proceedings and other accounts in the *Standard*. Subsequent events have proved that this meeting will not be without its desired effect.

The next large Convention was a sort of "Union Meeting of all the Friends of Freedom," at Linesville, in Pennsylvania. Though the results of this were all that could have been expected, if not desired, still, it demonstrated to me that, in general, we had better call and direct our own meetings. We are necessarily placed under many restraints, which are fatal to that freedom of thought, speech and action that are the strength of our meetings, as well as the glory of our cause. Tethered to a church, or hampered by political party ties, as are those with whom we are expected to unite, they cannot act freely with us, any more than we can with them.

And then, not much is gained in the way of discussion; because we seldom, if ever, can meet the *strong* men of the churches and parties. They evidently were excluded among those spoken of in Scripture, as "prudent men," who, foreseeing evil, hide themselves. We always accept joyfully whatever defence our opponents make; though many times it is not of a character to do much honour to the party making it, nor yet to draw out or develop the strength on our side which we should be able to bring to the work.

But the last large meeting was the "Michigan State Convention," the first of the kind ever called in the State. It was held in Adrian, a beautiful and flourishing little city on the Southern Railroad from Lake Erie to Chicago and the Great unknown West.

I never wished more heartily that a true and full description of any meeting could be given than of this State Convention. In the first place, Michigan is one of the most promising fields for moral culture in the country. It has, as you know, begun by laying the axe at the root of the gallows, besides passing many other laws of a truly liberal character. The redemption of the State from the curse of *Cassocracy* is fast accomplishing. It has long laid on the breast of this glorious young State, like night-mare on the palpitating bosom of a slumbering infant.

General Cass is a huge, ungainly mass of *avoirdupois*, as well as political and moral profligacy; and he knows as well how to perform the religious as the political demagogue and hypocrite. In his last speech in Tammany Hall, he exhorted the ragged ruffians composing his audience in strains as zealous and orthodox as if he had been commissioned of God to preach on a day of Pentecost. He said he was "*opposed to polygamy and concubinage*, and to all the humbugs now among us." "Let me tell you" (said he), "they originate either in impaired intellects or gross infidelity. They are opposed to the gospel of Christ, which is good to live by, but still better to die by. Hold on to it, my friends, as the most precious gift of God to man; and when you pass through the dark valley of the shadow of Death, it will be a glorious and bright shining light about you in that last hour of trial, leading you onward to Him who has promised that he who believes in His son shall have everlasting life."

If devils ever crack their brimstone burnished cheeks with laughing, it must be when the like of Lewis Cass preaches thus, to the like of a Tammany Hall audience. He "opposed to concubinage," or they opposed to polygamy; with a million and a half of women in the nation held in the most loathsome, sickening beastiality, by their own dirty hands, and his fouler legislation!

In one of his devout breathings, he alluded to the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," and expressed his grief and fear that infidelity would be inculcated by the circulation of such books. In the history of the world, literally written in "tables of stone," he has no faith. But the epitaphs of the epochs are thus written, and written forever. And could he himself pass into a fossil form, he might yet, in after ages, be disentombed, like a huge Ichthyosaurus, to be the wonder of the scientific world, and an independent fortune to some Barnum, who should deal in mummies, mastadons and other antiquities.

But he has no influence now to harp. Like the beast in the vision of Patmos, he has received a "deadly wound"—a wound that is mortal. There is a Cass county in Michigan, and a city named *Cassopolis*. But not even these will long immortalize him.

The Quaker influence in the State has been good, and did much towards the abolition of the Gallows. Nor did it stop here. I attended the "Michigan Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends," and regarded it as a sign of the times. Before night, it outgrew its former name, and even that had sufficed but for a single year. It took the name of the "Michigan Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends," and pledged itself to be true to its new name. Orthodox Quakerism is vanishing with the rest of the Hunkerism.

At our State Anti-Slavery Convention, the body of Progressive Friends was largely represented. The President, both Vice Presidents, the Secretaries, and large numbers on the various committees were "Progressive Friends." Nor did one of them shrink from the most radical resolutions or addresses on the Church, on Disunion of the States, or on a Northern Republic. Whether any strictly religious organization can stand, is doubtful. If any can, it will be one that, like this, plants itself on the platform of Universal Humanity.

An important movement in the Convention was the formation of a State Central Committee, with instructions to act in auxiliaryship with the Western and American Anti-Slavery Societies. The Committee is a strong one, and will, no doubt, act with great efficiency in developing the resources of the State. It may have all the effect of a State Anti-Slavery Organization. And there are young persons there, of great promise, who should be brought forward and put into the lecturing field. It seems to me the State has within itself every resource to maintain a strong and vigorous conflict with the spirit of Slavery, the power of darkness.

Our mission was retarded somewhat by the continued din of the politicians who had besieged the State, like the frogs and locusts of Egypt. The Cass caravan, including, besides the General himself, Douglass of Illinois, and Weller of Texas, was a loathsome omnipresence, croaking everywhere their own praises, while pretending to electioneer for the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. Then General Scott had his runners too, endeavouring to create consequence and character upon their candidate—a work as desperate as that of the Democrats, and both like the labour of

"Creating a soul under the ribs of Death."

And Giddings was there, and John P. Hale, and Hamlin, and Julian; and last of all, behold Alanson Saint Clair came also among them; and to edge ourselves in among all these, seemed at first impossible; but we did, and but for the sickness of Charles C. Griffin, one of our number, should have had one of the pleasantest, as well as most profitable, campaigns of all the year.

Mrs. Josephine Griffin, wife of Charles, is making herself one of our most efficient co-workers. Family afflictions, of the most distressing character, have weighed down her spirit, as well as her bodily energies, for the last two or three years. But, in the midst of them all, she maintains her beautiful serenity, and walks in the raidst of the fiery furnace calm and composed, like the Hebrew children in the poetry of the ancients. How admirably are we sustained in joy or sorrow, health or sickness, life or death, by that religion which consists not in faiths nor forms, but in a life of active benevolence and good will to men.

But I am trespassing too far. A thousand pleasant recollections connected with my Michigan mission, and the friends I made there, crowd upon me, but they will be not less dear to me for withholding all mention of them, and so I will forbear.

Your faithful, but humble, fellow-soldier,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

To the Editor of the Standard.

DEAR SIR—I venture to request the medium of your columns for a slight effort in the great cause of Anti-Slavery. My consciousness of my inability to offer any thing new or worthy of notice, would oblige me to keep silent, were it not that a sense of individual responsibility is so deeply impressed on my mind, that I cannot refrain from endeavouring, however feebly, to impress on my sisters in Christ their duty in this matter. There is a doubt in the minds of many, whether woman is in her most efficient field of action when she comes forward as a public speaker, to plead this, or any cause to which she may wish to devote the talent she may be entrusted with, but no unprejudiced person will deny her right to the pen. Here, while true to the modesty of her nature, she may safely and usefully expend those energies, which custom, and the habits of her sex, both physical and mental, may deny her in the more public spheres of life.

I have long been of the opinion if women generally used wisely and truly the immense amount of moral power that is in their hands, the world would have a different tale to tell than it has now. It is not in scenes of clashing opinions, of noisy debate, that her truest and best influence is felt, but in the still small voice of domestic life. Here, if her influence is used in the fear of God, she can silently, but surely, do much—how much eternity alone can disclose—in forming the character and opinions, of those who are to go out into busy life, perhaps as rulers of the people. Christian mother can you refuse when your child lisps his prayer at your knee, to instil into his young heart the holy lesson, "that all men are born free and equal," and that the same God watches over and will avenge the wrongs of these forsaken outcasts, the same God who listens to the nightly prayer of your darling blest with a fairer skin. No one can claim exemption on the score of inability. Every woman can do something towards establishing truth. We read that the widow's mite was accepted; and if a blessing is asked in a trusting spirit on individual effort, I believe we should find that God would open the mouth of the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.

Mothers, Wives, Daughters of America, have you nothing to do in this holy cause? While a few noble-hearted ones of our sex, with voice and pen, have dared do what is right, can others sit calmly by and do nothing for the oppressed, can you listen to the trumpet-tones of the voice of God, speaking through vessels of clay, in the cause of freedom to all men, and not feel in your heart of hearts the call is to you also to be up and doing? Can you hear the bitter cry of the bondman in his chains, "come over and help us," and not do what you may, with what time, influence or talent that has been given to your keeping?

Although your efforts in comparison with those of men in active life, or of a Harriet Beecher Stowe, may seem but a cup of cold water, yet we are graciously assured that, if offered in the name of Christ, it will be accepted, and that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me."

MARY.

October 31, 1852.

Miscellaneous News.

COL. BENTON, in a late speech at St. Louis, said that one hundred millions of dollars have been expended, mostly since 1836, to make slave States of free Territory.

THE South Carolina Legislature, in Caucus, previous to resolving to cast the vote of the State for Pierce and King, adopted a resolution declaring that in so doing the State protests against any approval or acquiescence in the measures commonly called the Compromise.

MR. WEBSTER'S ESTATES.—Mr. Webster expressed a strong desire before his death that his Marshfield and Franklin farms might remain in the family. He therefore constituted J. W. Paige and Franklin Haven, of Boston, and Edward Curtis, of New York, trustees, to hold the property for the benefit of his family. It is stated that measures are being taken to remove all incumbrances from both places. The incumbrances on his Marshfield property amounts to only $1,500.

INTERESTING RELICS.—The identical pulpit in [illegible] land, was brought over to this country a few days ago, and is now deposited at the Tract House, in the rooms of the City Tract Society. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and is a light framework of hard wood; so as to be easily removed from one place to another, and stationed in the open air. It is easily put in a compact form by the operation of hinges, and held together by iron hooks. It was sent here by Mr. Geo. C. Smith, of England. In another part of the Tract Society's building, is the chair once occupied by the "Dairyman's Daughter" and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," who form the subjects of interesting narratives, widely known.—*Journal of Commerce.*

MARY BURR, the last of the Punkaquag Indians, died at Canton, in Massachusetts, on Monday last, aged 101 years. There are many half and quarter bloods of that tribe, but none of full blood. The deceased, many years since, married with a coloured man named Semore Burr, and many of their children and grand-children are living in the State. At the time of her death she drew a pension from the United States government, in consequence of services rendered by her husband in the revolutionary war. Eliza Williams, a sister of hers, died at Stoughton, four years since, aged 101 years and 1 month. Another sister, Hannah Nuff, died at Canton a few years since, aged 99 years.—*Post.*

☞ THE *Cleveland Harpoon* says that within a week, 37 Fugitives have arrived in that city, and passed on to Canada, where they can enjoy under a Monarchical government, what they cannot in this boasted Republic, this

"Land of the Free and home of the brave."

There are also about the same number known to be on their way here, and far enough to be out of all danger from any *two-legged bloodhounds* that may follow them.

MR. WEBSTER'S WILL.—The Worcester *Ægis* has the following additional particulars relative to Mr. Webster's will.

Mr. Webster secured by his will *five hundred dollars* annually to Mrs. Webster, in addition to which she is to receive the annual income of *twenty-five hundred dollars* or more—that being the interest of the principal sum raised some years since by Mr. Webster's friends. According to the terms of that gratuity, its benefits were to inure to Mrs. Webster during her life-time, should she survive him. The circumstances attending the execution of Mr. Webster's will, as related from authentic sources, are of an instructive and pathetic nature. We might not properly narrate them fully. This much, however, as it shows how his kind feelings and great foresight attached to his last domestic ties and duties on earth. He had requested those most to be interested in his will, to talk over the terms of it (as made known to them) and to have a perfect and satisfactory understanding with one another; and on that sublime and memorable THURSDAY NIGHT, when the will and the witnesses were before them, he did not execute it until *they* had been brought into his presence and had expressed their entire approbation of the disposition he was about to make of his property.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.—The fifth lecture before the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society was delivered last Sunday evening by Charles Lenox Remond, Esq., of this city, and was an able and eloquent one. Lyceum Hall was crowded, a fitting evidence of the increasing interest in the Anti-Slavery Cause, and a just compliment to the merits of the speaker. Mr. R. began by speaking of the general principles involved in the subject, acknowledging the pleasure he felt in being again invited to speak as the organ of the Salem Female Anti-Slavery Society. The main topic of his discourse was, "Slavery, in a financial point of view." This was not the most important view, of course, but then it addresses itself to some who are accustomed to look mainly at the economy of measures. Slavery has been a financial curse to this country, a tax from the beginning on Northern labour, talent and enterprise. The Government patronage had been mainly given to the South. The offices had been mainly filled by Southern men. The army and navy were, and had been, under Southern control, and the war taxation, which was enormous, was mainly for the benefit of the South. As instances of this, we may allude to the Florida and Mexican wars, which were begotten of Slavery. Within this catalogue, the speaker undoubtedly alluded to the $10,000,000 paid Texas by the United States, a good part of which came from Northern pockets. The Government expenses under the Fugitive Slave Law were taxes on the labourers of the North. The Southern non-producers were not only living upon the unpaid labour of their slaves, but were living also upon the pockets and forbearance of the North.

Mr. R. feelingly alluded to the patriotism of the blacks of this country, both in the Revolution and the last war. The white man was fighting for himself, and the black man solely for the white, and the white man's rights and liberties. Which of the two was the most disinterested? Was it not the black man? And yet the poor black had been made the victim of additional oppression, instead of sharing that liberty which he so disinterestedly fought to secure. It was a burning shame and disgrace to America, that she should have been so ungrateful and tyrannical, and that she should, at this late day, and under all the circumstances, brand the black man with her odium and scorn. In conclusion, after paying his tribute of heart-felt gratitude to the true and tried friends of the slave, he said that no one who was not black, or who was capable of putting himself in the position of the black man, could possibly understand the terrible burden of odium and scorn which the black man was obliged to endure in America. "Here, even in Salem, I was publicly insulted a day or two since by a young man who claims to be among your gentlemen, by the epithet of '*a damned nigger*,' as applied to me." Such, said Mr. R., are some of the brands of American scorn on our race.

Mr. R., in this lecture, acquitted himself nobly as a man, and most nobly and eloquently as the defender of his persecuted and long-suffering race. As a speaker, he is cool, collected, forcible, able, lacking neither words nor matter. The treatment of his race arouses him at times into natural and severe retaliation, though but seldom. Let him who is more able and eloquent than he is, sneer at him. It is ungentle manly, unmanly and cowardly in any one to apply to him or his race that odious epithet, merely because the whites in America have the power to oppress their darker brethren. For ourselves, as we listened on Sunday evening to the remarks of Mr. R., so eloquent, feeling and just, we blushed only for the whites, and gave to him, as a MAN and a BROTHER, the hearty tribute of our respect, gratitude and admiration as a noble advocate of the great cause of impartial Liberty, which is the cause of God.—*Essex County (Mass.) Freeman.*

UNCLE TOM IN GERMANY.—The Augsburgh *Allgemeine Zeitung* has a long review of Uncle Tom's Cabin, bestowing on it the highest praise. We (*Tribune*) translate a few paragraphs:

"For a long time," says the writer, "we have not read a book that has affected us so deeply, or so continuously enchained our interest; we forget the bad Yankee-English, and overlook the many inequalities of the style, in the profound truth to Nature which prevails from beginning to end. The Abolitionist party in the United States should vote the author a civic crown for a more powerful ally than Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her romance they could not have. This romance deserves the immense popularity it has attained in two hemispheres, in Europe as well as in America, for it is drawn from the life, and touches the most vital chords in the reader's soul.

"There are questions of principle before whose iron truth all the so-called 'practical' petty views which the narrowness and materialism of the age make so great parade of, shrink into silence. Such a

Miscellaneous Department.

THE RUINS IN THE ISLAND OF TINIAN.

SINGULAR TRADITION.

THE "once upon a time's" have not yet all been chronicled. The wonderful fictions of the Arabian Nights which we have all pored over in our childhood with open mouth-, and excited imaginations until we were so terrified by the exploits of the Genii and Ghosts that we feared to turn our heads lest we should see some uncouth spectre, can be equalled by as charming stories, the scenes of which lie upon our own continent. The Americans abound in material for romance—real romance, romantic romance; not the sickly yellow-covered trash which sentimental young ladies are so fond of reading, and which are the weak production of the weak brains of weak men, but good old-fashioned wonder exciting story, equal if not exceeding the famous "One Thousand and One." The stupendous remains of a stupendous race which existed on this continent long before it was known to what are now called men; the ruined cities, the mounds, the temples, together with the marvellous traditions now known only to a few, furnish material which might be made to shame the Eastern story-tellers.

We are not in the habit of regaling the readers of the *Courier and Enquirer* with stories, but once in a while we come across a "once upon a time" that it would be a sin to consign to oblivion.

We published the other day an extract from the Edgartown (Mass.) *Gazette*, giving an account of a wonderful ancient city, discovered some time ago by Captain Alfred K. Fisher, of the New Bedford ship *America*. Captain Fisher stated that having occasion to visit Tinian, one of the Labrone Islands, he, while walking over the island, came to the entrance of the main street of a large and splendid city in ruins. The buildings were all of stone, of a dark colour, and of the most splendid description. In about the centre of the main street, he found twelve solid stone columns, six on each side of the street; they were forty-five or fifty feet in hight; surmounted by cap-stones of immense weight. The columns were 10 feet in diameter at the base, and 3 feet at the top. Captain Fisher thinks the columns would weigh about 60 or 70 tons, and the cap-stones about 15 tons. One of the columns had fallen, and he had an opportunity to view its vast proportions and fine architecture. From the principal street a large number of other streets diverged. They were all straight, and the buildings were of stone. The whole of the city was entirely overgrown with Cocoanut trees, which were fifty and sixty feet in height. The same day that this account appeared, we accidentally heard that a native of one of the Ladrone Islands, Don Juan Taytano, was now living in this city, and had confirmed Captain Fisher's statement in every particular. Our curiosity led us to visit Don Juan, and hear his version of the story, and richly were we paid for our trouble. We found Don Juan to be an intelligent man, about forty years of age, of a deep olive complexion, engaging manner, and quiet communicative disposition. He spoke Spanish with a great deal of grace, and revealed the traditions of the Tinian Islanders with all the gusto of an Eastern story-teller.

He premised his relation by informing us that Tinian is one of a large group of islands in the North Pacific, belonging to the Spanish Crown, and used mainly as a place of exile for thieves and other criminals. Many of these islands have no name, and are unknown to navigators. They are also for the most part uninhabited. Marianas, of which place he is a native, has a population of a few hundred. Next to Marianas, is the island of Rotan, which has a few inhabitants only; next comes the island of Aguiguan, which is covered with trees and immense rocks, but is uninhabited. Then comes Tinian, where this grand city is situated, with the ruins of which Don Juan seemed quite familiar, and which is inhabited by a few Spaniards; next is the island of Caipan, also containing a few inhabitants; next the islands of Inatan and Pagan, uninhabited. The climate of these islands is warm and delightful; all the fruits of the tropics growing in profusion. The only animals are horses, cows, sheep, &c., but there are no wild beasts, or venemous reptiles to be found. But to his story:

Once upon a time—so long ago that nobody recollects exactly when it was—tradition states that there lived on the island of Tinian, in solitary grandeur, and master of all he surveyed, a great giant Djohnannell. Now Djohnannell was a mighty man, forty feet high, and large in proportion. He was a very handsome person, and possessed prodigious strength. He had no friends or companions of his own species, but amused himself with whales and other large fish, which in those days were rational beings and could speak. He had a fine long beard and hair, sinews like iron, and nails so strong that he could use them for chiselling out blocks of stone, with which the island abounded, and dig down mountains with the greatest ease. His voice, also, was so powerful that it could be heard for one hundred miles. Djohnannell was accustomed to make short excursions upon the back of a favourite whale, but never went very far from home. One day this whale told him, that he had been to a neighbouring island, called Caipan, and that he found it inhabited by another giant who lived in a great stone house, and who had a fine young daughter. Djohnannell being somewhat lonesome in his island, determined to go and visit this brother giant, whose name was Tagga, and his daughter, who was called Finatiniggalla. So he mounted upon the back of his whale, a few whisks of whose tail brought him to Caipan.

As soon as he landed, Djohnannell was met by Tagga whom he found to be a very fine man, of as huge proportions as himself. Tagga gave his visitor a hearty welcome, and invited him to come up to his house and dine. So he conducted him to an immense structure where he found Miss Finatiniggalla, who, despite her hard name, was a very charming and delicate young lady of five and thirty feet in height and proportionately stout. Djohnannell immediately was sorely smitten by so much loveliness, he never having laid eyes on a woman before, and finding her an entertaining companion, and a frugal housewife, he asked her in marriage. Tagga questioned him as to his possessions; and finding he was lord of an island larger than Caipan, and withal being pleased with his appearance, he gave his hearty consent.

Miss Finatiniggala, however, was not so easily satisfied, and laid some conditions upon him. First of all she tried his strength, and was not satisfied that he could pull up Cocoa-nut trees two hundred feet high and ten feet thick with two fingers, as she could do as much herself. She was much pleased with his tame whales, however, and with his handsome person, and promised that if he would build her a house like her father's she would become his bride. Djohnannell readily promised to do this, and departed with her to Tinian. Here he immediately went to work, and in an hour builded her a splendid palace much bigger than her father's. Seeing the ease with which he accomplished her will, she grew more exacting, and said that one house would not do, that she could always have one house, but that if he wanted to marry her, he must build her a house for every day in the year. So Djohnannell, nothing disheartened, set to work. He quarried out huge stones, so great that they would sink the largest ship. He fashioned them in all manner of shapes, and covered them with ornaments. Then he digged long rows of deep holes in the forest, and planted his columns therein. Over these he laid his cap pieces, and filled in the walls with the trunks and boughs of whole Cocoa-nut trees. All the materials for his city he carried upon his back, and, so great was his weight when thus loaded down, that at every step he sank into the earth up to his knees.

Now, for fear that there might be other giants on the island, of whose existence they knew not, and who might trace them out by the tracks, Finatiniggala followed him with a huge bunch of Cocoa-nut trees which she pulled up with her hands, and filled up the holes he left behind him. So, in one night, he builded a great city, more than a league each way, and full of wide streets, and a house for every day in the year; and the fashion of every house was different. And he finished the houses by thatching them with Cocoa-nut leaves, which he fastened to great beams, formed of the whole trunks of trees.

So when the city was builded, and nicely shaded by the trees which grew to a great height, in every part of it, he claimed Finatiniggala for his bride, and she, so pleased with his prowess and great strength, loved him prodigiously. Now each house was a hundred feet high, and contained only one story, but in this were an infinity of chambers, and fine beds made of the bark and leaves of the Cocoa. So when all was ready, Djohnannell sent his whale for Tagga, and on his arrival he was struck with amazement at the power of his son-in-law, although he too was a giant, and he gave him his blessing. And they had a magnificent feast, the principal part of which was of the Cocoa-nut. These two giants shook the trees with their hands, and when the nuts fell, they squeezed them in their hands, and extracted the milk, which Finatiniggala prepared for them in many ways; and they consumed on the wedding-night one thousand Cocoa-nuts, and became drunken with the milk which in those days contained a powerful spirit. So Djohnannell was bedded with his bride, whom he loved exceedingly, and the next day he invited his father-in-law to live with him, which he did, and deserted his own island of Caipan.

And Finatiniggala was very prolific, and bore many children, but to the chagrin of herself and her lord they were all dwarfs, not more than three feet nigh; but they were of a mild disposition, and, although they were so small, they were very powerful like the Giants.

So they lived for many years, and the Spaniards came to their island of Tinian to take it for themselves, for it was a very pleasant place to live in. But Djohnannell and Tagga drove them away. Then they sent great ships, and with many guns, to subdue the giants, but these valiant men caught the cannon balls in their hands, and hurled them from the mountains, back, with such force that the Spanish ships were all destroyed. At the same time, the whales devoured those who were not drowned, and so not one Spaniard ever lived to return home.

And now after many years there came a great earthquake, which opened a chasm in the island and threw down the city, and Taggan and Djohnannell and Finatiniggala and the dwarfs were assailed by demons who came up from the infernal regions with the earthquake—and the demons being the stronger of the two, and being aided with large quantities of brimstone, by which they stifled our friends, they prevailed against them, and carried them all down below, after which the chasm closed up again, and nobody was left on the island. But Tagga was slain, and his body left in his house when the others were carried away. Then the whales departed, and by-and-bye the Spaniards returned and took possession of the island, and lived in the ruins of the city.

But Djohnannell, when he saw this, was much enraged, and, making his terms with the demons, they allowed him to return by night with a mighty host of giants, and they, holding their revels in these halls, the Spaniards were affrighted and fled, and builded them small houses on the banks of the sea. And every night the troop of giants came with a frightful noise and held their revels in the old city, and people who visited the walls were smitten with a dreadful disease, which brought them nigh unto death. However, when the dwarfs saw how the anger of the parents afflicted the Spaniards, they also came by night and by day and cured those who were sick.

And so it is yet, though but few persons have of late years seen the Giants. Yet if one be alone in the forest, and hears a mighty noise he knows that the troop of Giants is coming. And the little dwarfs are sometimes, though rarely, seen. They minister to the comforts of the Spaniards. When children are lost in the woods, they find them and protect them, and bring them again to their disconsolate parents; and when the poor people are sick, they cure them. But they are very quiet and never speak at all. Don Juan Taytano says that he once saw a dwarf. He had been sleeping in the forest, and when he awoke he saw a little man, with a mild countenance and a pair of great blue eyes, watching him with much interest, but he immediately disappeared when Don Juan awoke. He had never seen a giant, but had heard their noise. However it instantly ceased when he fired a gun at them.

Don Juan says that he was once much in terror of the giants, but finding that they were frightened away by the explosion of gunpowder, he went to their haunts thereafter with perfect impunity.

There are doubtless many incongruities in the above story, but we tell it as it was told us, and it may serve some ingenious story-teller hereafter with a theme for an interesting tale. We give it as the tradition, handed down from father to son among the natives, to account for the existence of the city. And it is said that many years ago the bones of Tagga were found, but immediately destroyed by the settlers, who took them for the work of the devil. When the Spaniards came to these islands first, they found some of them inhabited by Kanakas, whom they subjected to their power.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

THE CHINCA'ISLANDS—GUANO.

[From an article in Dickens' Household Words.]

* * * * The three islands lie nearly due north and south; the breadth of the passage between them being about a mile in one instance, and two miles in the other. The south island is as yet untouched, and from a visit I paid it, I should suppose it to contain more guano than is found in either of the others. The middle island, at which we loaded, has been moderately worked, but the greatest quantity of guano is taken from the north island. In their general formation the islands are alike. They all rise, on the side next the main land, in a perpendicular wall of rock; from the edge of this precipice, the guano then slopes upwards to the centre of each island, where a pinnacle of rock rises above the surface; from this point it descends to the sea by a gentle declivity, the guano continuing to within a few feet of the water. Each island has, at a distance, the appearance of a flattened cone, but they have all been originally broken into rocky hills and valleys. The deposits of guano having gradually filled up the valleys and risen above the rocks, the cuttings of the guano diggers vary from a depth of eighty or a hundred feet to merely a few inches. Though the islands are not large—their average circumference being about two miles—the accumulation of guano is almost incredible. Calculations as to the probable quantity must, on account of the varying depth of the deposits, be very uncertain. I remember making an average of the depth, and deducing therefrom a rough estimate that the three small islands alone contain upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of tons of pure guano, which, at the rate of supply which has been going on during the last five or six years, would require about one hundred and eighty years for removal, and, at its English value—which, after deducting freight, is about five pounds per ton—would be worth twelve hundred and fifty millions sterling. This is exclusive of vast quantities which have been used by the Peruvians themselves.

A recent traveller in the country asserts that guano was used in the time of the Incas, and that the Spaniards learned its use from the Indians, who employed it constantly. It is chiefly applied in Peru to the cultivation of maize and potatoes. The mode of applying the manure differs from that generally adopted in England. After the plants appear above the ground, a small trench is opened, in some cases round each root; in others, along the lines. In this trench, a small quantity of guano is placed, and slightly covered with earth; the whole field is then laid under water, and allowed to remain in that condition for a certain number of hours—from twenty to twenty-four. The water is then drained off, and the effect of the process is soon manifest in the rapid growth of the plants. Where a sufficient supply of water cannot readily be procured, other means of irrigation are adopted, but the guano is never sown broadcast, as in England. The name itself is Indian, originally huanu, signifying the excrement of animals, but altered to huano by the Spanish Peruvians; and, owing to their strong aspiration of the h, the English have taken the word from their lips in the shape of guano. It is found on all parts of the coast of South America, even so far south as Cape Horn; but that obtained from the Chincha Islands is the most highly prized, probably for its extreme dryness, as the islands lie within those latitudes in which—on that coast—rain never falls.

And now, having anchored between the north and middle islands, at the latter of which we are to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the huge muck heap. Pulling half round the island to the landing-place, we step ashore on a narrow slip of sandy beach, which appears to be cleared from the surrounding rocks for our special convenience. Our appearance disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives; these thousands count with the old hands as nothing, for they tell us that the shipping have driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their mode of darting down or stooping on their prey. One of these every instant drops from the flock as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but, after a plunge, he is soon seen rising to the surface with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch. Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannets, mews, mutton-birds, divers, gulls, guano-birds, and a host of others whose names are unknown to the vulgar. On the detached rocks and the lower edge of the island—member of a pretty numerous convocation—stands the penguin, the parson-bird of the sailor, whose good name is fairly earned by his cut-away black coat, white tie, and solemn demeanour. His short legs planted far back, and his long body, do not fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit for hours on a little rock just washed by the waves, apparently in such deep absence of mind, that passers-by are tempted to approach in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears him, and a hand is already stretched out to grasp his neck, away he goes head over heels in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat, and shows his head again about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailor may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped. Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the guano, and at the next step, in it up to our knees.

The guano is regularly stratified: the lower strata are solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red colour, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honeycombed by the birds, which scratch deep, oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the islands without sinking to the knee and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging at your unprotected ankles. The egg-shells and the bones and remains of fish brought by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the birds.

Having with some difficulty and the loss of sundry inches of skin from our legs, reached the summit of the island, we descend the side leading to the diggings, and soon arrive at the capital. It stands on a small space cleared of guano, and consists of twenty or thirty miserable shanties, each formed by four slender posts driven into the ground, with a flat roof of grass matting and pieces of the same material stretched on three sides, the other side being left open. Scarcely an article of furniture do these town residence contain, except a few rude benches, two or three dirty cooking-pans, and some tin pots. In one or two of the huts stands a small "botiga" (a curiously shaped earthen jar) filled with pisco, the spirit before mentioned. The beds are simply thin mats, and only a few of the inhabitants possess the usual red blanket of the Peruvian.

Clothes seem to be almost discarded: an old poncho and a ragged pair of calico trowsers, form the dress of the aristocracy, but many are all but entirely naked. One hut of greater pretensions than the rest is occupied by two English sailors, who have taken a fancy to the island, and call themselves pilots, as they profess to moor and take charge of the ships during the business of loading.

Close to the town is a rough and steep path to the sea, up which are brought the provisions and water, the latter supplied by the shipping in turns. On the north island is a similar but larger collection of dwellings; there, too, resides the commandant, a military-looking old gentleman—one of the high aristocracy, for he lives in a house that has a window in it. On the north island are about two hundred men, on the middle about eighty, usually; the number varying with the demand for guano. These people are nearly all Indians, and appear to be happy enough in their dusty territory; though everything about, eatables included, is impregnated with guano. They earn plenty of money, live tolerably well according to their taste, work in the night and smoke or sleep all day. To get rid of their wages, they take an occasional trip to Pisco, where they spend their money much in the same fashion as sailors, substituting pisco and chicha (maize beer) for rum and ale, and the guitar and fandango for the fiddle and hornpipe.

In getting the guano, the diggers have commenced originally at the edge of the precipitous side of the island, and worked inland; so that the cutting now appears like the face of a quarry worked into the side of a hill. The steep, perpendicular face of the rock, which rises from the sea like a wall, and the boldness of the shore—there is seven fathom water close in—have afforded great facilities to the loading of ships. On the top of the cliff is a large enclosure formed of stakes, firmly bound together by strong chains passed round the whole. This enclosure is capable of holding four or five hundred tons of guano. It is made wide, and open at the upper end, and gradually slopes down to a point on the extreme verge of the precipice, where a small opening is left; exactly fitting which is a large canvas shute or pipe, which hangs down the face of the rock, nearly to the water. The ship, having taken in by means of her boats enough guano to ballast her hauls in to this shute, the end of which is taken aboard and passed down the hatchway. The guano is thus poured into the hold in a continuous stream, at the rate of about three hundred and fifty tons a day; the enclosure being filled by the Indians during the night. They carry the whole of the guano down on their backs in bags, taking about eighty pounds at each journey.

Some are employed in pushing the guano down the shute, at the mouth of which is stationed an Indian, who, by tightening a rope passed round it, regulates or stops the descent of the manure. To various parts of the long pipe ropes are attached, which lead to the different mast-heads of the ship, and thence on deck, where each rope is tended by a man who, by successively hauling on and slacking it, keeps the shute in motion, and thus hinders it from choking. This choking, however, now and then occurs; and it is then a difficult and tedious matter to set right again, as the pressure binds the guano into a compact mass, which can sometimes only be liberated by cutting the shute open. Birds are frequently carried down into the ship's hold; and at one of the islands, an Indian, accidentally slipping in, was forced through the shute, and taken out at the other end quite dead. On each island there are two enclosures and two shutes, one much smaller than the other, being used only for loading boats. * * * *

POPE.

[From a report in the *Glasgow Times* of Thackeray's Lectures on the numerous writers of the last Century.]

THE name of Pope was the greatest on this list, the highest among English wits and humourists. He was the greatest literary artist that England has seen, refining his thoughts to a perfect polish, and also thoughts and cadences borrowed from other poets. He was a skilful imitator from his infancy. In his youth, he imitated the passion of love, addressing a sham mistress in pert, conceited strains; and when Lady Mary rebuffed his impertinence, he hated her. But the letters of Pope, except that unlucky first part of the correspondence, were very delightful, full of the best company, though a little stately and artificial. It was ennobling to observe the frank and generous friendships of the great men of that age. If the lecturer might give any counsel to a young man, it would be to frequent the company of his betters. Learn to admire rightly; for it is a great pleasure of life, to admire what the great men admire, great things; the narrow spirits admire basely, and worship mean things. The friends of young Pope were the best men of his time. He did not hold a court around him, like Addison; but reverenced his equals, men great and famous like himself. The chief wits, however, of his time were "men's men," living in clubs, sitting together, for seven or eight hours every day, with their punch bowls and tobacco pipes. Their coarse and boisterous life, at such a pace, would not agree with the sensitive and sickly frame of Pope; and he retired to the Twickenham villa, duteously bringing his old parents to live and die there entertaining his friends there, whom he carried from town in his little chariot. His taste for art, his polished manners, and his attraction towards everything splendid and beautiful, belonging to the refinements of a highly cultivated mind. All his friends who visited him spoke kindly of that good, simple-hearted old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. If his early letters to women were affected and insincere, he ever spoke of *this* one with a childlike tenderness and almost a sacred simplicity. In our estimate of Pope's character, let us always take into account this constant tenderness and fidelity of affection, which pervaded and sanctified his life. He seems also to have deserved and received the attachment of the other members of his family. His half-sister said of him, "I think no man was ever so little fond of money;" and again, "I think my brother, when he was young, read more books than any other man in the world," and again, "I do not think my brother knew what fear was." The accounts of Pope's friends bore out this character for courage. When he had exasperated so many furious bullies by the Dunciad, and was entreated by his friends to seek protection against their violence, the gallant little cripple never would take any guard in his daily walks. His death, too, was a beautiful end, true *euthanasia*. A perfect benevolence, affection, and serenity, hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very weakness of his last delirium, there was something almost sacred. He is described, in his last days, looking up "with a rapt gaze, as if something had suddenly passed before him." He said, "What is that?" pointing to the air, and then looked down, and said with a soft smile, "It was a vision." He scarcely ever laughed, but his companions describe his countenance as often illuminated with a peculiar smile. Whenever he recovered his mind, he was always saying something kind of his present or absent friends; so that Lord Bolingbroke said of him, "I never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his personal friends, or a more general friendship for mankind; I have known him for these thirty years, and value myself more for his friendship than for" ——. Here, St. John sunk his head, and a sob more eloquent than words ended the confession. The nature of Pope was too delicate, and his taste was too fastidious, for the rough and boisterous crew of literary men in his day. This difference made him unjust to Grub-street, holding up in the Dunciad their rags and their wretchedness to public ridicule. The keen arrows of his satire never indeed made a sublimer flight, than in that wonderful concluding passage of the Dunciad, representing the baneful approach of the Goddess of Dulness, and the deepening obscurity of the world in her way:

> She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
> Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
> Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
> And all its varying rainbows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
> As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
> The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
> As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
> Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
> Thus, at her felt approach, and secret might,
> Art after art goes out, and all is night.
> See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
> Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
> Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
> Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more;
> Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
> And Metaphysic calls for aid on sense;
> See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
> In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
> Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares Morality expires.
> Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
> Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
> Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word;
> Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all.

In these astonishing lines, the art of poetry reached the highest effect of imaginative power. There was the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, illustrated by the most vivid poetic fire. It was heroic courage, speaking the noble declaration of righteous wrath and war, the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing a defiance to falsehood, imposture, tyranny, and superstition, a challenge in the great battle of truth, which has been waging ever since society existed. After reading another satirical passage, the famous character of "Atticus," and telling the circumstances of Pope's quarrel with Addison, the occasion of that reproof, Mr. Thackeray said, that he always thought of the victorious works of young Pope, as he did of the actions of young Bonaparte or of young Nelson.—In their common life, we might detect vices and meanness; but, in presence of the great occasion, the great soul flashed out, and conquered transcendently. Thinking on the splendour of Pope's victories, he would salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

THE WATER-CURE: R. T. CLARIDGE, ESQ.

BY HOOD.

THE greatest danger to the health or life in foreign travelling, at least in Germany, is notoriously from damp linen. A German-Ofen is not adapted for the process vulgarly called "airing," and the "Galloping Horse," alluded to by Wordsworth in his poem on a Hanoverian stove, is anything but a clothes-horse. If you send your linen to be washed, therefore, you must expect in return a shirt as damp as a Dampschiff—stockings as dripping as the hose of a fire-engine, and a handkerchief with which you cannot dry your eyes. As a matter of course, you must look, now and then, for a wet blanket, or a moist sheet; and should that be the case there is only one warming-pan to our knowledge in the Rhenish Provinces—and that is one at Coblence.

Now, this drawback would alone prove a damper to many an English tourist, who would otherwise go up the Rhine: for of what avail are all his patent water-proof articles—his umbrella, his Mackintosh, his galoshes, India rubber shoes, and Perring's beaver, whilst he is thus liable to wet next his skin? In fact, we believe this danger, more than any sea risk or land peril, has deterred thousands of valetudinarians from repairing to Germany to drink the waters—accompanied by the unwholesome probability of chilling the skin, closing the pores, and checking the insensible, invisible perspiration, by putting on humid garments; than which nothing can be more injurious to even the strongest constitution—witness the fatal shirt that clung so to Hercules, and which, allowing for mythological embellishment, was, no doubt, simply a clean one—sent to him wringing wet by that jade Dejanira.

The catastrophe of the great Alcides rests, however, on the very doubtful testimony of Greek historians. It is true, that by our English sanatory notions he ought to have died—say of inflammation on the lungs—but, according to the Hydropathists, the strong man ought to have been only the stronger for a "Cold Wet Bandaging." Instead of cutting his stick—or rather club—he ought merely to have broken out in salutary boils, which would have removed all his complaints, if he had any—for example, one Mr. Rausse names all chronic diseases of the lungs, all organic detects, and all diseases in *people whose muscles and sinews are past all power of action, and from whom the vital principle has passed beyond the power of recovery*—which said people, if we know anything of plain English, must be neither more nor less than "*Stiff-uns!*" And to confirm this cadaverous view of them, page seventy-four declares that these assertions of Mr. Rausse are supported by a Mr. *Raven!*

Professor Munde, however, who was cured of a painful complaint during his residence at Grafenberg, stops short of the cure of death by light or heavy wet, but enumerates gout, rheumatism, ticdouloreux, hernia, hypochondria, piles, fevers of all kinds, inflammations, etc., etc., etc., to which Mr Claridge adds a list, by the Reverend John Wesley, of some hundred of diseases in man, woman and child, to be cured by "Primitive Physic," *alias* Aqua Pumpy. Nay, we have cases of illustrious Patients—Baron Blank, Count Dash, General Asterik, the Marquis de Anonymous, and others, who were all well washed, and all washed well—and so far from suffering in wet linen, were actually swaddled in it; and instead of being chilled, actually *heated* from being put up damp, like haystacks. It follows that Hercules could not be carried off in the way supposed—and especially it he enjoyed such *indelicate* health as he exhibits in his pictures and statutes.

The common dread of water and wetting seems certainly to be rather overstrained. We think little, indeed, of the instance of Thomas Cam, aged two hundred and seven, of whose burial registry Mr. Claridge furnishes an extract from the parish books; first, because there is no evidence that this very "Old Tom" was in the habit of soaking his clay with water; and, secondly, because two hundred and seven *was very probably the way with an ignorant clerk of setting down twenty-seven.* Neither do we attach much weight to the opinions of travellers, who "assure us that amongst the Arabs this age is not unfrequently attained, and that men are frequently married at a hundred years of age; first, because the desert is not particularly well supplied with water; and, secondly, that consequently the Arabs must be of rather dry habits. But, looking at another animal which lives in the wet, and is one of the greatest of water-drinkers, namely, the whale, we are quite ready to allow, as to its longevity, that it is "the longest creature as lives."

Take courage, then, ye valetudinarians, and apply for your passports. Go fearlessly up the Rhine, into swampy Holland, or Belgium, or wherever you will. Your old bugbears are actually benefits—real reforms to the constitution. Write on yourselves, if you chose, "This side uppermost," but omit the fellow direction, "To be kept dry." You will thrive like the hydrangeas the more you are watered. Ride outside, and forget your umbrella. Prefer soaked coach-boxes and sloppy boats—and if you even go overboard, remember that the mother of Achilles, to make him invulnerable, ducked him in a river. Ask for damp sheets, and pay extra for a wet blanket—nay, never say die, though after a jolly night you find the next morning that you have slept in a dewy meadow, with the moon for a warming-pan. If, in walking on St. Swithin's-day you happen to get under a spout, stay there—it's a *douch-bad*—*vide* frontispiece, figure 4, and you are lucky in getting it gratis. Should you chance to trip and throw yourself a tair back-fall, with your head in a puddle, don't rise, but lie there as contentedly as a drunkard, for that—see figure 2—is a *skopf-bad*. Instead of striding over a kennel, stop into it—for it is as a *fuss-bad*. And when a tub of cold water comes in your way, squat down in it like Parson Adams, when he played at "the Ambassador," for that is a *sitz-bad*—as you may see in figure 3, where a gentleman is sitting as happy as a Merman, with his tail in a tub, and reading Claridge on the "Water-Cure!"

And should you experience, though you ought not, any aguish chills, or rheumatic pains from this mode of conduct—push on at once to Grafenberg, where the disciples of Vincent Priessnitz will soak all complaints out of you, like salt from a ling. As the preface says, it is "only eight or ten days' journey from London," and you may go either by Ostend or Hamburg; but the first route is the best, because you can *wet* your thirst by the way at the spring of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Brunnens of Nassau. For our own parts we prefer our washing done at home; but never mind us.

Push on for the great Fountain Tavern in Silesia, for, depend upon it, whatever you feel, whether flushes, shudderings, gnawings, cravings, creepings, shootings, throbbings, dartings and prickings—it is only nature *boring* for water.

Never stop, then, except perhaps for a minute or so, to look at the votive fountain the Wallachian and Moldavian patients have erected, dedicated "*Au Genie de l' Eau Froide*"—never halt till you have reached the famous House of Call for Watermen, and pledged the great Aquarius himself in a goblet of his own Adam's ale. If you are faint, it will revive you; if thirsty, it will refresh you; and if you have broken a bone or two by the upsetting of a diligence, the very man for a fracture stands before you. In fact, his first exploit in Hydropathy was with cold water and wet bandages, and some little assistance from a table, to set and mend two of his own broken ribs! After that, if you are so unreasonable as still to require any evidence of the peculiar virtues of the fluid, know that by drinking and dispensing it, ice cold though it be, Vincent Priessnitz made himself so *warm* that he was worth fifty thousand pounds.

The above advice, it must be remembered, is not ours, but drawn from the book before us. We should be loth to be responsible personally for any lady or gentleman going so far off as Silesia to drown themselves, and by the awfully premeditated process of taking "twenty glasses of water a day." Neither should we like to have to answer to a visiter to Grafenberg for the discomfort of a room like "a soldier's chamber in a barrack," so low that Mr. Gross could not stand upright in it—with no better furniture than a bedstead with a straw mattrass—a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a decanter and glass (for water only) and an "enormous wash-hand basin." It would vex us to have commended any one to a table where it is generally complained that the food, "though plentiful, is coarse." He might not be pleased either with the remedy of drinking so much water, that there was little room for the solids. And, above all, he would naturally cry out against the heart-burnings incurred by Mr. Claridge himself, and which were relieved by a cure certainly worse than the disease.

"The burning liquid which rises from the stomach to the throat is often caused at Grafenberg, by the abundance of the greasy food with which the table is supplied. At the period of the crisis it frequently makes its appearance at the termination of humours, of which part is discharged by the first courses. I was sharply attacked by it at this period of the treatment, and '*a diarrhœa which I brought on in gorging myself with cold water during two days completely cured me.*'"—p. 237.

Now, it may be very well for the German water-cure doctor, who boards and lodges his patients, to prescride water by the pailful to prevent gluttony; or to give them such beds and rooms as must necessarily promote early rising and encourage exercise out of doors. It may be quite consistent with his theory to neither light nor pave his neighbourhood, so that his clients are sure on a rainy day of a *mud-bath* in addition to their other ones. But, as we said before, we should not like to advise any one we love or like to put themselves under his wet hands, unless inordinately fond of duck and cold pig. Moreover, many parts of his treatment are practised, if not openly, at least secretly, in our own country; and at a consequent saving of all the trouble and expense to the patients of a journey to Silesia. The damp sheet system is no secret to the chambermaids at our provincial inns, and the metropolitan publicans and milkmen are far from blind to the virtues of cold water as a beverage. A fact that probably accounts for the peculiar healthiness of London compared with other capitals.

To be candid, we have, besides, a private prejudice against anything like a Grand Catholicon—not the Pope, but a universal remedy for all diseases, from elephantiasis down to pip. And we become particularly skeptical when we meet with a specific backed by such a testimonial as that of the Rev. John Wesley in favour of Water *versus* Hydrophobia.

"And this, I apprehend, accounts for it frequently during the bite of a mad-dog, especially if it be repeated for twenty-five or thirty days successively."—p. 81.

Of which we can only say, that, on the production of certificates of these such cures, signed by a respectable turncock, we will let whoever likes it be worried by a mad pack of hounds, and then cure him by only showing him Aldgate-pump.

Moreover, we are aware of the aptitude of our cousins the Germans to go the whole way "and a bittock" in their theories. As Mr. Puff says of the theatrical people, "Give those fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it." Thus allowing the element to be wholesome, for ablution, or as a beverage, they order you not only to swig, sit, stand, lie, and soak in it, but actually to snuff it up your nose—what is a bridge without water? for a cold in the head!—p. 228.

It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever which was got under much as Mr. Braidwood would have qnenched an inflammation in a house. But our limits forbid. In the meantime it has been our good fortune, since reading Claridge on Hydropathy, to see a sick drake avail himself of the "Water Cure" at the dispensary in St. James's Park. First, in waddling in, he took a *fuss-bad*—then he took a *sitz-bad*, and then, turning his curley tail up into the air, he took a *kopf-bad*. Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout "*Priessnitz for ever!*" But no such thing. He only cried. "*Quack! quack! quack!*"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE *Edinburgh Witness* has the following paragraph:

A ROYAL TEACHER.—It may not be generally known that our beloved Sovereign has at Windsor a Sabbath and a day class of children belonging to the domestics, to which she unremittingly attends when the Court is there.

——THE Emperor Napoleon broke thrones to pieces; his nephews "break banks." The *French Journal of Frankfort* says: "Prince Lucien Bonaparte, whom some journals have stated to have left for Paris, by order of his Government, is still at Hamburgh, where he plays at the public gaming-tables with varied fortune. After his winning 150,000 florins on the 30th ult., the bank was compelled to close; but he is said to have lost a great part of his winnings on the following day!

——AN English paper advertises an edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with a "preface by the Earl of Carlise." Part of his lordship's letter is as follows:—"Its genius, its pathos, its humour, must sufficiently commend themselves to its nearly unparalleled number of readers. I feel that I have seen and known enough to convince my own mind equally of its general fairness, fidelity, and truth.

——A QUAINT and clever writer, *Philosophe Inconnu*, Saint Martin, asks how one shall get rid of all those books which repeat the same idea with a shadow of difference in manner, two thousand years hence? And he proposes, in one of his strangest and least-known works, the following burlesque and facetious plan. To reduce all existing books to a *pap*, and with this encyclopædic mixture to nourish childhood and youth; clever men and sages are to be the nurses, and are to receive as reward a grand spoon, according to the grade which each shall attain in this new University—silver spoon, gilt spoon, gold spoon—the highest title to be that of *Grand Spoon!*

——THE DUKE OVERCOME.—A Government official in Bermuda was in the habit, some years ago, of sending packages of arrow-root to the Duke of Wellington, out of kindness and respect, for which he used to receive notes from the Duke acknowledging the receipt of the packages, and expressing thanks for them. The supply of arrowroot at Apsley House must have exceeded the consumption; and its accumulation appears to have been inconceivably large, for the Bermuda official was surprised to receive a note, of which the following is a copy: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to ——, and begs to inform him that he thinks he now has arrowroot enough."

——THE *Banner of Ulster* publishes the subjoined original and highly characteristic letter of the late Duke of Wellington; his grace's correspondent being a gentleman residing near Belfast, who at the time felt some chagrin at the style of the answer returned to his foolish inquiry:

"Belfast, 17th June, 1821.

"FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"May it please your Grace—I have taken the liberty of requesting your opinion—Was Napoleon guilty or not of the murder of his prisoners at Jaffa, and if there is any military law or circumstance which would justify the deed? Yours respectfully, "J. H."

REPLY.

"London, 23rd, June, 1851.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. H. He has also received Mr. H.'s letter, and begs leave to inform him that he is not the historian of the Wars of the French Republic in Egypt and Syria."

——TWO WAYS OF A STORY.—Marshal Soult, once showing the pictures he stole in Spain, stopped before one, and remarked, "I value that picture very much; it saved the lives of two estimable persons." An aide-de-camp whispered in the listener's ear: "He threatened to have them both shot on the spot unless they gave it up."

——THE Mayor of a rural commune in the department of the Heranlt has presented the following address, which is nothing more nor less than an unbecoming parody on the Lord's Prayer, to Louis Napoleon:

"Our Prince—You are in power by right of birth and by the acclamation of the people, your name is everywhere glorified; may your reign come, and be perpetuated by the immedi